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HEROES AND GREATHEARTS

AND THEIR
ANIMAL FRIENDS

By JOHN T. DALE

*He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.
He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.*

— COLERIDGE.

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TO THOSE
YOUNG IN YEARS
OR YOUNG IN HEART
WHO ASPIRE TO
KINDLINESS WITHOUT OSTENTATION
GENTLENESS WITHOUT SERVILITY
THIS BOOK IS
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

*That best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love.*

— WORDSWORTH.

*Among the noblest in the land,
Though he may count himself the least,
That man I honor and revere,
Who, without frown, without fear,
In the great city dares to stand
The friend of every friendless beast.*

— LONGFELLOW.

P R E F A C E

“The bravest are the tenderest;
The loving are the daring.”

— *Bayard Taylor.*

THE object of this book is to bring the reader into contact with some of the heroic and great-hearted of the race, who, by their relations with “man and bird and beast,” have set an example of universal kindness that should be an inspiration for all time.

It aims also to foster a love of country, and to instil a desire to live worthily and unselfishly in pursuit of the highest ideals.

In short, its great purpose is to inspire such ambition as can result only in the most patriotic, noble, and useful citizenship.

Kindness to dumb creatures is but a stepping-stone to the habit and practise of kindness in all the relations of life.

The book is adapted for the school, the public library, and the home. It is especially suitable for supplementary reading in schools, and to aid teachers in their moral and humane instruction, nature study, and reproduction work.

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HEROES AND GREATHEARTS
AND THEIR
ANIMAL FRIENDS

HEROES AND GREATHEARTS

AND THEIR ANIMAL FRIENDS

HEROES

MOTHER Earth, are the heroes dead?
Do they thrill the soul of the years no more?
Are the gleaming snows and the poppies red
All that is left of the brave of yore?
Are there none to fight as Theseus fought,
Far in the young world's misty dawn?
Or teach as gray-haired Nestor taught?
Mother Earth, are the heroes gone?

Gone? In a grander form they rise.
Dead? We may clasp their hands in ours,
And catch the light of their clearer eyes,
And wreath their brows with immortal flowers.
Where'er a noble deed is done,
'Tis the pulse of a hero's heart is stirred;
Wherever Right has a triumph won,
There are the heroes' voices heard.

Their armor rings on a fairer field
Than the Greek and the Trojan fiercely trod;

For Freedom's sword is the blade they wield,
And the gleam above is the smile of God.
So in his isle of calm delight,
Jason may sleep the years away;
For the heroes live, and the sky is bright,
And the world is a braver world today.

—Edna Dean Proctor.

GEORGE T. ANGELL

IN the year 1868 there might have been seen on the road from Boston to Worcester, Massachusetts, two splendid horses which were being driven in a race. The roads were bad, and each horse drew a conveyance with two men in it for forty miles. Both horses were driven to death.

A young lawyer of Boston, named George T. Angell, hearing of this terrible cruelty, wrote an account of it to a Boston paper, the result of which was the formation of a society to prevent cruelty to animals.

Soon afterward he began publishing the paper *Our Dumb Animals*, the first paper in the world in the interests of dumb creatures. He then gave up his successful law practice, so that he might devote his whole life to the one purpose of preventing cruelty and promoting kindness to animals.

He distributed more than three million copies of Miss Anna Warner's book, *Black Beauty*. He organized more than seventy thousand *Bands of Mercy*, not only in



GEORGE T. ANGELL

our own country, but in China, India, Cuba, Porto Rico, South Africa, and other countries. It is not strange that such a man should be devoted to the cause of peace among the nations, and believe that disputes should be settled by arbitration, in place of war with its infinite cruelties.

He died recently, at the age of eighty-seven, having been actively engaged to the last in this glorious mission of kindness.

The two poor horses, driven to death in the race, he said, were the cause which led him to devote his life to this work.

PRAYER FOR DUMB CREATURES

MAKER of earth, and sea, and sky,
Creation's Lord and King,
Who hung the starry worlds on high,
And formed alike the sparrow's wing —
Bless the dumb creatures of thy care,
And listen to their voiceless prayer.

For us they live, for us they die,
These humble creatures Thou hast made;
How shall we dare their rights deny,
On whom Thy seal of love is laid?
Teach Thou our hearts to hear their plea
As Thou dost hear man's prayer to Thee.
— G. E. Goodrich.

GREAT GENERALS AND THEIR HORSES

I. GENERAL GRANT

GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT was one of the bravest soldiers who ever lived. Yet he did not enjoy war, but did all in his power to end it as soon as possible, for, like almost every great and brave man, he could not bear to see any more suffering than necessary. One of his staff-officers who was close to him during the Civil War, said that he never saw him angry but once, and that was when he found a soldier abusing a mule. Grant gave the soldier a scolding that he never forgot.

When he was a boy he was sent to West Point, where the government has a great school to train young men to be soldiers. He was noted even then for his horsemanship. No animal was too wild for him to tame; yet he made the horses feel that he was not only their master but their friend. This skill and sympathy with horses came into use afterward, when Grant became a great general. It saved him at one time from being taken as a prisoner of war.

After a hard battle near the banks of the Mississippi, Grant and his men were chased by the Confederates toward the river. They had to scramble down to some large boats in order to escape.

The last boat was already leaving the shore when the captain saw the General coming up, just too late. The captain signaled the engineer to stop the boat, and

every one collected breathless to see what might happen. The General did not have a minute to lose, and the horse seemed to know this as well as his master. The bank was high and very steep, but the horse put his front feet over the edge, gathered his hind legs under him, and slid down with the General on his back. The men had thrown a plank across to the shore. The plank was only one board wide, but the horse did not hesitate. He stepped carefully along it until he reached the deck, where the soldiers welcomed their General to safety.

How well must the horse and General Grant have known each other! Such an act could not have been done unless each had perfect trust and confidence in the other. No one can tell how much we owe to that brave act of the horse, for if General Grant had been taken a prisoner or killed at that time, it might have changed the history of our country.

II. GENERAL SHERIDAN

"Phil" Sheridan was the most brilliant cavalry leader in the Union army during the Civil War. One of the most famous battles in which he took part is described in the poem called Sheridan's Ride.

The brave horse that Sheridan rode in that battle carried his master through all the raids and battles in which Sheridan took part to the very end of the war. The animal was named Black Horse, for he was as black as a crow. He was five years old at the time of Sheridan's famous ride. Sheridan would never sell his faithful friend,



ULYSSES S. GRANT

but took good care of him until he died, many years after the close of the war. Black Horse's bones are kept in a glass case in a museum near New York City, and often, on Memorial Day, some of Sheridan's old soldiers visit the museum to place flowers on the case.

General Sheridan was a man of quick temper, but he was always kind and gentle to Black Horse. He could control him by a few words, so that under fire the horse was as cool as one of the General's trained soldiers.

So the brave and dashing commander has left an example to all the boys in the country, and indeed to all the boys in the world, to be kind to animals.

III. GENERAL LEE

The greatest soldier in the Confederate army during the Civil War was Robert E. Lee. He did his duty as he saw it, and no one could have given his cause better service than he. He was handsome, gallant, and of such a kindly nature that wherever he went he made friends. As a lady who knew him said, "Every one and everything loved him — his family, his friends, his servants, his horses, and his dog."

Lee was intensely fond of animals. When he was in the Mexican War he had with him a favorite dog named Spec, without which he would at times have been very lonely. He also had some cats, but Spec was so jealous of these that he would hardly let Lee look at them. Spec would not let his master out of his sight if he could help it. He used to lie in Lee's office from eight to four



GEN. ROBERT E. LEE ON "TRAVELLER,"

By Courtesy of F. A. Munsey, N. Y.

without moving except to turn himself before the fire as the side away from it became cold. Lee said that sometimes Spec would sit up and look at him so intently that for the moment he was actually startled.

All through the Civil War Lee rode a famous horse named Traveller. This is how he described Traveller to his daughter, who was an artist:

"If I were an artist like you," wrote Lee, "I would draw a true picture of Traveller, showing his fine proportions, muscular figure, deep chest, and short back, small head, broad forehead, delicate ears, quick eye, small feet, and black mane and tail. Such a picture would inspire a poet to write about Traveller's endurance of hunger, thirst, heat, cold, and the dangers and sufferings through which he has passed. A poet might even imagine his thoughts through the long night marches and days of battle. But I am no artist and can only say that he is a Confederate gray."

During the last year of the war the saddle was hardly off Traveller's back. It is no wonder that Lee had a great affection for this horse, and found him a comfort after the war was over.

IV. GENERAL CUSTER

Almost every boy has heard or read something of General Custer, the great Indian fighter, who became so famous during the Civil War. He was a commander of soldiers who ride horses and are called cavalry.

General Custer was one of the bravest officers in the

army. He seemed to be fond of making dashing charges on the enemy, as if he did not care for his life.

After General Custer died, his widow wrote a book called "Boots and Saddles," which tells about what he did when he was in the army. Sometime you will enjoy reading this book. This is what Mrs. Custer says of her husband:

"With his own horses, he needed neither spur nor whip. They were such friends of his, and his voice seemed so attuned to their natures, they knew as well by its inflections as by the slight pressure of the bridle on their necks what he wanted. By the merest inclination on the General's part they either sped on the wings of the wind, or adapted their spirited steps to the slow movement of the march. It was a delight to see them together, they were so in unison, and when he talked to them, as though they had been human beings, their intelligent eyes seemed to reply.

"As an example of his horsemanship, he had a way of escaping from the stagnation of the dull march, when it was not dangerous to do so, by riding a short distance in advance of the column over a divide, throwing himself on one side of his horse, so as to be entirely out of sight from the other direction, giving a signal that the animal understood, and tearing off at the best speed that could be made. The horse entered into the frolic with all the zest of his master, and after the race the animal's beautiful distended nostrils glowed blood-red as he tossed his head and danced with delight."

THE BIRDS' PICNIC

THE birds gave a picnic; the morning was fine.
They all came in couples, to chat and to dine.
Miss Robin, Miss Wren, and the two Misses Jay
Were dressed in a manner decidedly gay.

And bluebird, who looks like a handful of sky,
Dropped in with her spouse, as the morning wore by.
The yellowbirds, too, wee bundles of sun,
With the brave chickadees, came along to the fun.

Miss Phœbe was there, in her prim suit of brown;
In fact, all the birds in the fair leafy town.
The neighbors, of course, were politely invited;
Not even the ants and the crickets were slighted.

The grasshoppers came — some in gray, some in green,
And covered with dust, hardly fit to be seen.
Miss Miller flew in with her gown white as milk,
And Lady Bug flourished a new crimson silk.

The bees turned out lively, the young and the old,
And proud as could be, in their jackets of gold;
But Miss Caterpillar, how funny of her,
She hurried along in her mantle of fur.

There were big bugs in plenty, and gnats great and small —
A very long story to mention them all.
And what did they do? Why, they sported and sang,
Till all the green wood with their melody rang.



GIRL WITH CAT

Paul Hoecker

QUEEN VICTORIA

NO queen who ever lived exerted a greater influence for good than this noble woman. As a daughter, wife, and mother, she set an example to all the women of the world, which will not be forgotten.

When Queen Victoria was a little girl, her tutor wrote of her, "She is very good-tempered and very affectionate and almost cries at any little account of distress which her books relate. She is much pleased with stories of kindness to animals, and shows the marks of a tender disposition."

When she was a small girl, one stormy day she was looking out of one of the front windows of Kensington Palace, when she noticed some distance away an old man standing under a tree, being soaked with rain. She said to her attendant:

"Run to that poor man with an umbrella; he is very old and will catch cold."

This was a little thing to do, but it showed how her kindly nature went out to help those in need.

When she became queen, and was burdened with great care and labor, she did not forget the poor and unfortunate. She visited the families of those in her service, and at Christmas gathered the aged and infirm together and gave each a present from her own hands. She had sometimes as many as three hundred servants, yet they all received Christmas presents from her.

It is not strange that she was kind to animals. When



QUEEN VICTORIA

Sir W. C. Ross, R.A.

she took a walk, she always had two or three dogs with her. Among her favorite dogs were Scotch collies, German badger hounds, Scotch terriers, Russian sheep-dogs, Italian spitzes, pug-dogs and English terriers. She had beautiful horses, and they received the best of care. She would not allow them to be checked high nor let their eyes be injured by blinders.

The first society to promote kindness to animals was begun in England in 1832. By command of the Queen the society was called "The Royal Society of the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals." Queen Victoria was a member for sixty years, and was always ready to assist by her counsel, influence, and gifts. Her example caused some of the richest and most honored men and women in England to take an active interest in the society and its work.

BEN HAZZARD'S GUESTS

BEN Hazzard's hut was smoky and cold,
Ben Hazzard, half blind, was black and old,
And he cobbled shoes for his scanty gold.
Sometimes he sighed for a larger store
Wherewith to bless the wandering poor;
For he was not wise in worldly lore,
The poor were the Lord's; he knew no more.
'Twas very little that Ben could do,
But he pegged his prayers in many a shoe,
And only himself and the dear Lord knew.

Meanwhile he must cobble with all his might
Till — the Lord knew when — it would all be right.
For he walked by faith, and not by sight.

One night a cry from the window came —
Ben Hazzard was sleepy, and tired, and lame —
“*Ben Hazzard, open,*” it seemed to say,
“Give shelter and food, I humbly pray.”
Ben Hazzard lifted his woolly head
To listen. “’Tis awful cold,” he said,
And his old bones shook in his ragged bed,
“But the wanderer must be comforted.”
Out from his straw he painfully crept,
And over the frosty floor he stepped,
While under the door the snow wreaths swept.
“*Come in, in the name of the Lord,*” he cried,
As he opened the door, and held it wide.

A milk-white kitten was all he spied,
Trembling and crying there at his feet,
Ready to die in the bitter sleet.
Ben Hazzard, amazed, stared up and down;
The candles were out in all the town;
The stout house-doors were carefully shut,
Safe bolted were all but old Ben’s hut.
“*I thought that somebody called,*” he said;
“Some dream or other got into my head;
Come, then, poor pussy, and share my bed.”
But first he sought for a rusty cup,
And gave his guest a generous sup.
Then out from the storm, the wind, and the sleet,
Puss joyfully lay at old Ben’s feet.

In truth, it was a terrible storm.
Ben feared he should never more be warm.
But just as he began to be dozy,
And puss was purring soft and cozy,
A voice called faintly before his door:
"Ben Hazzard, Ben Hazzard, help I implore!
Give drink, and a crust from out your store."
Ben Hazzard opened his sleepy eyes,
And his full-moon face showed great surprise.
Out from his bed he stumbled again,
Teeth chattering with neuralgic pain
Caught at the door in the frozen rain.
"Come in, in the name of the Lord," he said,
"With such as I have thou shalt be fed."

Only a little black dog he saw
Whining and shaking a broken paw.
"Well, well," cried Ben Hazzard, "I must have dreamed;
But verily like a voice it seemed.
Poor creature," he added, with husky tone,
His feet so cold they seemed like stone,
"Thou shalt have the whole of my marrow-bone."
He went to the cupboard and took from the shelf
The bone he had saved for his very self.
Then, after binding the broken paw,
Half dead with cold went back to his straw.
Under the ancient blue quilt he crept,
His conscience was white, and again he slept.

But again a voice called, both loud and clear:
"Ben Hazzard, in the name of the Lord, come here!"



PUSS IN BOOTS

Frank Paton

Once more he stood at the open door
And looked abroad, as he looked before.
This time, full sure, 'twas a voice he heard;
But all that he saw was a storm-tossed bird,
With weary pinion and beaten crest,
And a red blood-stain on its snowy breast.
"Come in, in the name of the Lord," he said,
Tenderly raising the drooping head,
And, tearing his tattered robe apart,
Laid the cold bird on his own warm heart.

The sunrise flashed on the snowy thatch,
As an angel lifted the wooden latch.
Ben woke in a flood of golden light,
And knew the voice that had called all night,
And steadfastly gazing, without a word,
Beheld the messenger from the Lord.
He said to Ben with a wondrous smile,
(The three guests sleeping all the while),
*"Thrice happy is he that blesseth the poor,
The humblest creatures that sought thy door,
For thy Lord's dear sake thou hast comforted."*
"Nay, 'twas not much," Ben humbly said,
With a rueful shake of his old gray head.

*"Who giveth all of his scanty store
In the name of the Lord can do no more.
Behold the Master, who waiteth for thee,
Saith, 'Giving to them, thou hast given to me.'"*
Then, with heaven's light on his face, "Amen!
I come in the name of the Lord," said Ben.

"Frozen to death," the watchman said,
When at last he found him in his bed,
With a smile on his face so strange and bright;
He wondered what old Ben saw that night.
Ben's lips were silent, and never told
He had gone up higher to find his gold.

— Anna P. Marshall.

GROVER CLEVELAND AND THE FAWN

GROVER CLEVELAND was twice elected President of the United States. Before that he was governor of the great state of New York. While he was governor he once spent his summer vacation in a beautiful hotel situated on a little lake in the Adirondack Mountains.

The country was very wild and the woods were full of game, and many of the men stopping at the hotel were fond of hunting. One day some of these men were out on the lake in a boat when a beautiful little fawn, which had in some way been separated from its mother, came down to the lake and ran into the water and began to swim.

The men in the boat rowed until they got between the fawn and the shore, and then they chased and soon overtook the little creature. They caught it and pulled it into the boat, but the poor fawn struggled so hard that it slipped away from them into the water and tried to escape. The men followed it and caught it again,

and carried it alive to the hotel. They said they were going to kill it and have it served on the table.

When the ladies of the hotel saw the soft, pleading eyes of the beautiful creature, trembling for its life, they took pity on it and asked that it be given its freedom. The men would not consent, but it was finally agreed that the question whether the fawn should be let loose should be left to a court to decide.

Then a judge was selected and some one appointed to plead for the fawn, and another to take the side against it. Speeches were made on both sides and the question was submitted to the judge, who decided that the fawn should die.

But the ladies were more determined than ever to save the fawn's life, so it was at last agreed to refer the matter to Governor Cleveland, and to let him decide whether the fawn should die or have a pardon. You know the governor of a state has the right to pardon those who have been found guilty of doing some wrong thing. Governor Cleveland granted a pardon to the fawn, and the little creature bounded away back again into the woods.

THERE was never a night without a day,
Nor an evening without a morning;
And the darkest hour, the proverb goes,
Is just before the dawning.

— *Mrs. M. A. Kidder.*



GROVER CLEVELAND

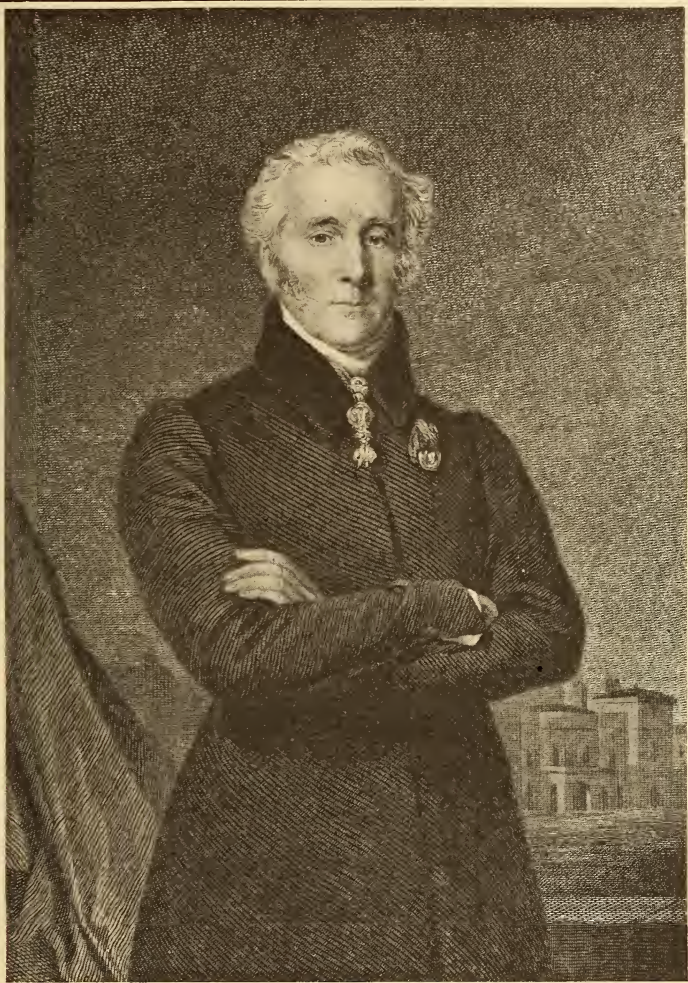
THE DUKE, THE BOY, AND THE TOAD

THE Duke of Wellington was one of the most famous soldiers who ever lived. He was called the "Iron Duke" because it seemed as if nothing could make him afraid, no matter what dangers surrounded him.

It was the great life purpose of Napoleon Bonaparte, the Emperor of France, to cross the narrow channel which separates France from England, and to invade England with his armies and to conquer it. But the Duke of Wellington defeated Napoleon in the battle of Waterloo, in the year 1815, and so the French Emperor, instead of conquering England, was sent as a prisoner to the lonely island of St. Helena to spend the rest of his life in exile.

This great Duke was walking one day when he met a little boy crying bitterly. He stopped and asked him what was the trouble. The boy said he was going to be sent away to school the next day, and that when he went away there would be no one to take care of his pet toad. The great Duke told the little fellow to dry his tears, for he would take care of the toad. Sure enough, the boy took the toad to the Duke's grand residence, and it was carefully looked after. The Duke wrote letters to the little boy telling him about the toad.

Such was the kindness of heart of this great man that he could not only take the time and trouble to comfort the heart of a little boy, but he could also show kindness to a despised toad.



DUKE OF WELLINGTON

THE BROWN THRUSH

THERE'S a merry brown thrush sitting up in the tree.
He's singing to me; he's singing to me!
And what does he say, little girl, little boy?
"Oh, the world's running over with joy!
Don't you hear? Don't you see?
Hush! Look! In my tree
I'm as happy as happy can be!"

And the brown thrush kept singing,
"A nest do you see
And five eggs hid by me in the juniper tree?
Don't meddle! Don't touch! Little girl, little boy,
Or the world will lose some of its joy.
Now I'm glad! now I'm free!
And I always shall be
If you never bring sorrow to me."

So the merry brown thrush sings away in the tree
To you and to me, to you and to me.
And he sings all the day, little girl, little boy,
"Oh, the world's running over with joy!
But long it won't be,
Don't you know, don't you see?
Unless we are as good as can be."

— *Lucy Larcom.*

DANIEL BOONE

ABOUT a hundred years ago a large part of our country was still an unbroken wilderness, where only wild animals and Indians lived. There were no railroads, no bridges, not even foot-paths through the dense, tangled forests. The white people lived almost entirely along the Atlantic coast, and knew practically nothing of the wild country that lay beyond the Allegheny Mountains.

You may imagine how dangerous it was for men to go into such a country and try to make homes. Yet there were plenty of bold hunters willing to risk their lives and endure terrible hardships in order to make the country safe for settlers who should come after them with their families.

Daniel Boone was one of the most famous of these hunters. He loved the adventurous life of a pioneer and the solitude of deep forests. If all his adventures were written out, they would fill many books.

Once, when Boone was exploring a river, Indians suddenly appeared. Boone found that his only chance of escape was to leap sixty feet down a steep bank. He landed in the top of a tree, slid down the trunk, and swam a stream at its foot. Even the Indians were afraid to follow! On another occasion he walked and ran one hundred and sixty miles to warn some settlers of an attack by Indians.

When Boone was a boy he had little opportunity to study books, but he learned a great deal about nature. He knew every kind of tree in the forest, and the habits of animals and birds. He also learned about clouds and winds and understood the signs of approaching storms. He loved horses, and when but twelve years old could ride as well as his father, who had been familiar with horses all his life.

When Boone grew up and went into the wilderness of Kentucky, often his only companion for months at a time would be his dog, that helped him hunt for food, and that saved his life more than once when Indians were stealing on his master unawares. If it had not been for the sympathy and affection of his faithful dog, Boone's life must often have been unbearably lonely.

A writer has said, "We little think how much we owe to dogs in the settlement of our country. From the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean the dog has driven back the wolf, the bear, the fox, and the panther, to make way for the sheep, the cow, and the horse. The dog will go everywhere that his master goes, to hunt for him, fight for him, and cheer him in his hours of discouragement. Many animals show a certain degree of affection for men, but dogs more than all, for they will often give their lives to save the lives of their masters."

THE wealth of a man is the number of things he loves and blesses, which he is loved and blessed by. — *Carlyle*.



DANIEL BOONE

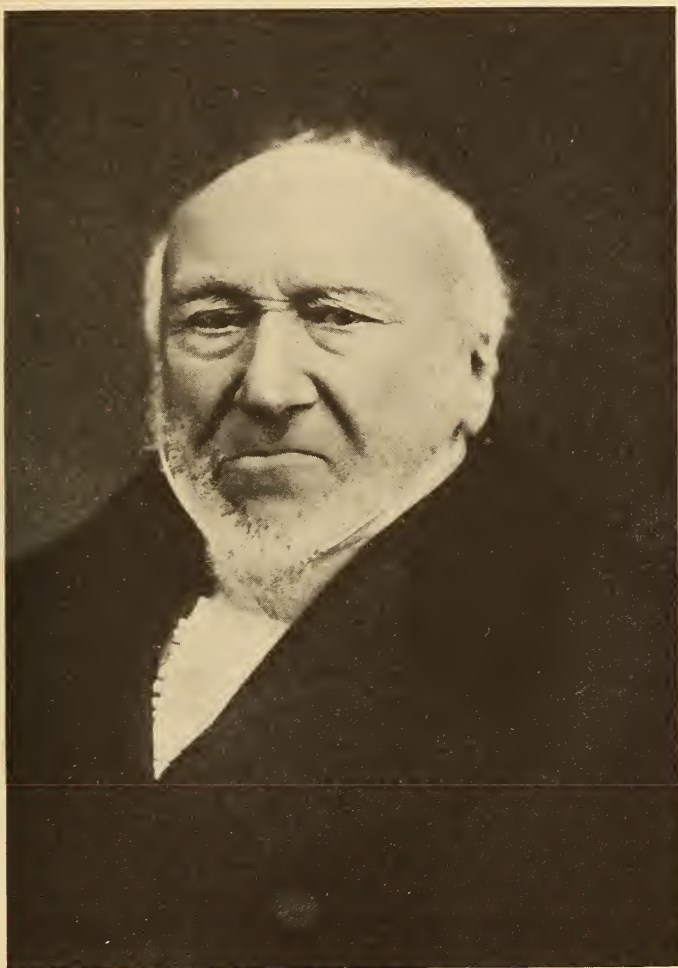
SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE

THIS famous lover of humanity was born in London, England, in the year 1784, and lived to the wonderful age of 101 years. He was in the full maturity of manhood at the time of the battle of Waterloo.

He was a partner with Mayer Anselm Rothschild, the celebrated founder of the great banking business of the Rothschilds. By the time he was forty years of age he had accumulated a large fortune. He then retired from business and spent the remainder of his life in efforts to improve the conditions of his fellow men. At that time the Jews were greatly oppressed in many countries of Europe and the far East, and as Montefiore was a Jew, his heart went out in sympathy for his suffering people.

He made seven journeys to the East in order to relieve the Jews from oppression, the last journey made when he was ninety-two years of age. He visited Poland, Russia, Roumania, Damascus, and Jerusalem, and through his efforts the condition of the Jews was greatly improved.

But his good works were not confined to his own people, much as he did for them. In the year 1835 he was one of a group of men who gave seventy-five millions of dollars to the owners of slaves in the British West Indies, to compensate them for setting their slaves free. He was at the head of a committee which raised one hundred thousand dollars for the relief of two hundred thousand Christians in Syria.



SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE

He was among the first to respond to every appeal without regard to religious differences. He visited the workhouses of his own neighborhood and personally distributed articles of comfort to the unfortunate inmates. The widows and orphans of fishermen were generously remembered by him. He made large collections for city charities, and wherever there was distress he was ready to help.

He founded a Jewish college, a Jewish hospital, a free dispensary, free schools, and assisted largely in many other projects for the benefit of the people.

At one time he spent three hours in interviewing one hundred forty-two prisoners in Newgate prison in London. At another time he was interested in a poor convict who was sentenced to death, as he thought, unjustly, and procured a reprieve of his sentence, with the hope of obtaining his freedom.

He not only gave money, but he gave himself — his time, his personal efforts and earnestness — and he kept up these works of benevolence to the end of his life.

We should of course expect that such a man would be kind to the animals under his care. For many years one of the daily sights in London was Sir Moses driving through Hyde Park behind a beautiful pair of ponies, to which he was greatly attached.

When this generous man, so kind to man and beast, died, there was such a funeral as is seldom seen, for thousands whom he had helped and befriended mourned his death.

MR. AND MRS. ROOSEVELT

THE most costly feathers that are worn on ladies' hats are called "aigrettes." They are taken from a beautiful bird called the white heron, which is found in Florida, in parts of South America, and in other warm countries. The aigrettes are taken from the mother birds while they are caring for their young ones, and when they are killed the young birds starve to death.

At one feather sale in London in 1906, it is said there were seventy-two thousand aigrettes offered for sale. This means that seventy-two thousand mother birds were killed, and seventy-two thousand nests destroyed which would probably average at least three birds each. Thus the death of two hundred sixteen thousand young birds was caused to furnish feathers for that single sale.

Mrs. Roosevelt will not wear the feathers of the heron. Mr. Roosevelt once wrote to the president of the Audubon Society, "Mrs. Roosevelt and myself sympathize particularly in your efforts to stop the sale and use of the so-called aigrettes, the plumes of the white heron."

On another occasion Mr. Roosevelt wrote, "Game butchery is as objectionable as any other form of wanton cruelty or barbarity," and he states that in his African expedition no animals were killed but those which were intended for preservation and exhibition in the National Museum at Washington, except a very few which were needed for food. He is a lover of birds, and has been

the means of establishing refuges where birds could be saved from wholesale slaughter.

In other ways he has shown long-continued activity in preventing cruelty. He believes, however, that in wild countries where lions, tigers, and other savage animals exist, they must be killed, as people cannot live there in safety unless this is done.

OVER IN THE MEADOW

OVER in the meadow,
In the sand, in the sun,
Lived an old mother toad
And her little toadie one.
"Wink," said the mother;
"I wink," said the one;
So she winked and she blinked
In the sand, in the sun.

Over in the meadow,
Where the stream runs blue,
Lived an old mother fish
And her little fishes two.
"Swim," said the mother;
"We swim," said the two;
So they swam and they leaped
Where the stream runs blue.

Over in the meadow,
In a hole in a tree,



ROADSIDE AND MEADOW

H. P. Barnes

Lived a mother bluebird
And her little birdies three.
"Sing," said the mother;
"We sing," said the three;
So they sang and were glad
In the hole in the tree.

Over in the meadow,
In the reeds on the shore,
Lived a mother muskrat
And her little ratties four.
"Dive," said the mother;
"We dive," said the four;
So they dived and they burrowed
In the reeds on the shore.

Over in the meadow,
In the snug beehive,
Lived a mother honey bee
And her little honeys five.
"Buzz," said the mother;
"We buzz," said the five;
So they buzzed and they hummed
In the snug beehive.

Over in the meadow,
In a nest built of sticks,
Lived a black mother crow
And her little crows six.
"Caw," said the mother;
"We caw," said the six;

So they cawed and they called
In their nest built of sticks.

Over in the meadow,
Where the grass is so even,
Lived a gay mother cricket
And her little crickets seven.
"Chirp," said the mother;
"We chirp," said the seven;
So they chirped cheery notes
In the grass soft and even.

Over in the meadow,
By the old mossy gate,
Lived a brown mother lizard
And her little lizards eight.
"Bask," said the mother;
"We bask," said the eight;
So they basked in the sun
On the old mossy gate.

Over in the meadow,
Where the clear pools shine,
Lived a green mother frog
And her little froggies nine.
"Croak," said the mother;
"We croak," said the nine;
So they croaked and they splashed
Where the clear pools shine.

Over in the meadow,
In a sly little den,

Lived a gray mother spider
And her little spiders ten.
"Spin," said the mother;
"We spin," said the ten;
So they spun lace webs
In their sly little den.

Over in the meadow,
In the soft summer even,
Lived a mother firefly
And her little flies eleven.
"Shine," said the mother;
"We shine," said the eleven;
So they shone like stars
In the soft summer even.

Over in the meadow,
Where the men dig and delve,
Lived a wise mother ant
And her little anties twelve.
"Toil," said the mother;
"We toil," said the twelve;
So they toiled, and were wise,
Where the men dig and delve.

— *Olive A. Wadsworth.*

I WOULD not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

— *William Cowper.*

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL AND THE ROBINS

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL has taken his place as one of the foremost poets of America. He was not only a great poet, but one of the finest gentlemen America ever produced, and our country felt herself honored when she sent him to represent her as minister to England.

This great and learned man had a kind and tender heart, and not only talked kindness but was ever ready to help the smallest and humblest of God's creatures.

When he was professor of literature in Harvard College, he lived in a beautiful mansion in Cambridge, Massachusetts. This elegant home was surrounded by large, graceful trees. Once Lowell happened to notice a nest of robins high up in one of the trees. He was puzzled by a constant fluttering of what seemed full-grown wings, whenever he went near the tree. The old birds guarded the nest and seemed very much excited when he went too near.

At last he climbed up a ladder into the tree, in spite of the old birds, and then he soon found out what was the matter. The old birds when building the nest had found a long piece of string, which they wove loosely into the nest. Three of the young birds had got entangled in the string, so that when they became full grown they were not able to get loose.

One was not hurt very much, another had twisted the string so tightly that one foot was curled up and had become paralyzed, so that it could not be used. The

other bird was suffering so badly, because the string had worn through the flesh, that Mr. Lowell thought the kindest thing he could do was to kill it and put it out of misery. This he did, hurting it as little as possible. He cut the string, and then the old birds seemed to understand what he was doing. They stopped their cries and perched so near him that he could have touched them with his hands, all the time watching him.

The young birds were so frightened that it took him some time to get them free from the tangle, but at last one of them flew away to a tree near by. The other, with only one good leg, jumped from the nest, spread out its wings, and tumbled to the ground without hurting itself very much. It hopped away on one leg, the old birds being near and ready to help it. In about a week Mr. Lowell saw the one-legged robin again in good spirits and able to balance itself with the lame foot. No doubt in time it got well.

— *Adapted from "Our Dumb Animals."*

THEY are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

— Lowell.



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

GLADSTONE'S PET

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, the English statesman and scholar, like many other great rulers, was very fond of pets and very kind to them. Once, while he was visiting friends in Germany, a little black dog named Petz became very much attached to him. He seemed to think that Mr. Gladstone went to Germany especially to play with him. In the morning the little dog would lie before the door of Mr. Gladstone's room, waiting for him to come out and take a walk. When his friend appeared, Petz was perfectly happy, for Mr. Gladstone would throw his cane as far as he could and Petz would run for it and bring it back to him. They would keep this up until it seemed as if both would be tired out.

After awhile it was time for Mr. Gladstone to go back to his home in England, for he had a very important office and could not take long vacations. Gladstone thought so much of the little black dog that he wanted to take him along, and so he arranged with his friends to take Petz back to England. Mr. Gladstone lived in a grand house called Hawarden Castle, and there Petz became one of the family.

Mr. Gladstone was fond of chopping down trees for exercise, as he thought it made him strong and healthy. Of course he could not go out without Petz, who would be watching and waiting for his master. Whenever



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

Mr. Gladstone chopped a tree and the chips flew about, Petz would jump for them, bring them in his mouth, and lay them at his master's feet. Then Gladstone would take the chips and throw them as far as he could, so that his little friend might chase them and bring them back.

This is a fine example of the affection for animals which many great and wise men have.

OUT IN THE FIELDS WITH GOD

THE little cares that fretted me,
I lost them yesterday
Among the fields above the sea,
Among the winds at play;

Among the lowing of the herds,
The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds,
The humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what may happen,
I cast them all away
Among the clover-scented grass,
Among the new-mown hay;

Among the husking of the corn,
Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born,
Out in the fields with God.

— *British Weekly.*

DANIEL WEBSTER AND THE WOODCHUCK

DANIEL WEBSTER, who was one of our most gifted orators and statesmen, was as good a judge of cattle as could anywhere be found. He knew all of his own by name, and kept track of their ages and peculiarities. When he came home from Washington, where for many years he was a senator, his cows and horses were among the first objects of his thought. As soon as he had greeted the members of his family, he would go out to the barn and see his animals, going from one to another, patting and stroking their faces, and feeding them from his hands.

Webster's father was a brave soldier in the Revolutionary War. After the war closed he settled on a farm in New Hampshire, where he brought up his family. Daniel had a brother named Ezekiel, who was called "Zeke."

One day Zeke caught a woodchuck, and brought it home, intending to kill it. When Daniel saw the bright black eyes of the little animal, which seemed to ask him to take its part, his heart was filled with a great pity. He tried to persuade Zeke to let the woodchuck go. The two brothers could not agree, so they asked their father what he thought about it.

Mr. Webster said that Zeke should give his reasons why he thought the woodchuck should be killed, and Daniel should tell why he thought it should be set free. The father would be the judge and decide which reasons were the best.

Zeke then said that the woodchuck stole his living from the clover field and cabbage patch, that his skin was valuable, and could be made into a warm winter cap, and that the woodchuck was of no use, so might as well be killed.

Daniel then gave his reasons why the woodchuck should be allowed to live. He said that life was God-given, and that we had no right to take it, even from a woodchuck, unless it is necessary. He made such a strong appeal to save the woodchuck that his father's heart was touched. When Daniel got through the tears were rolling down Mr. Webster's cheeks, and he said:

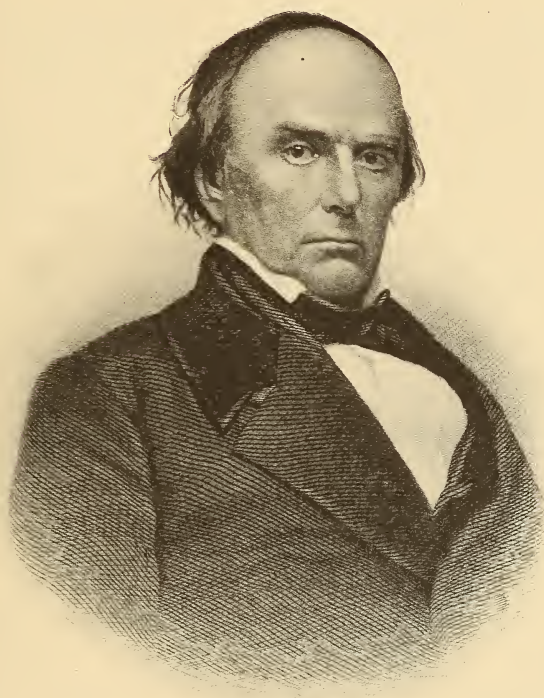
"Zeke, Zeke, let that woodchuck go."

ONLY AN INSECT

ONLY an insect; yet I know
It felt the sunlight's golden glow,
And the sweet morning made it glad
With all the little heart it had.

It saw the shadows move; it knew
The grass blades glittered, wet with dew;
And gaily o'er the ground it went;
It had its fulness of content.

A being, formed of larger frame,
Called man, along the pathway came.
A ruthless foot aside he thrust,
And ground the beetle into dust.



DANIEL WEBSTER

PRINCE BISMARCK AND HIS DOGS

PRINCE BISMARCK was a celebrated German statesman. He might be called the maker of the great German Empire, which is now one of the most powerful nations in the world. He was the means of uniting a number of small countries into one, and thus making a united Germany. All Germans may well be proud of what he did for their country.

This great man was sometimes called the man of iron because he was so stern and hard to bend. But for all that he had a kind and tender heart. He was one of the kindest of men to his wife and children, and he always had a tender place in his heart for animals, especially dogs. It seemed as if he could not live without his pets. Even when he was a student in college, he had an immense dog for his constant companion.

Once when Bismarck had done something against the rules of the college, he was called before a teacher for correction, and his great dog went into the room with him. The teacher was so startled at the sight of the dog that he got behind a chair and would do nothing until the animal was taken out of the room.

All through his life Prince Bismarck had his dogs. Wherever he went they went with him. They shared his walks, his rides, his business hours, and his meals; and they kept guard at his room at night. He loved them and made them his friends.



PRINCE BISMARCK



THE TRAVELING MONKEY

MY master grinds an organ
And I pick up his money,
And when you see me doing it
You call it very funny.

But though I dance and caper, still
I feel at heart forlorn,
I wish I were in monkey-land,
The place where I was born.

There grow the great green cocoanuts
Around the palm tree's crown;
I used to climb and pick them off,
And hear them — crack! — come down.

There all day long the purple figs
Are dropping from the bough;
There hang the ripe bananas, oh,
I wish I had some now.

I'd feast, and feast, and feast, and feast,
And you should have a share.
How pleasant 'tis in monkey-land!
Oh, would that I were there!

On some tall tree-top's highest bough,
So high the clouds would sail
Just over me, I wish that I
Were swinging by my tail.

I'd swing, and swing, and swing.
How merry that would be!
But, oh, a traveling monkey's life
Is very hard for me.

— *Marion Douglas.*

IN KINDNESS

A LITTLE word in kindness spoken,
A motion or a tear,
Has often healed the heart that's broken,
And made a friend sincere.

Then deem it not an idle thing
A pleasant word to speak;
The face you wear, the thought you bring,
A heart may heal or break.

— *Whittier.*

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER was an English artist who became very famous as a painter of animals. His father was an artist and engraver, and when he found that his little son liked to draw pictures, he encouraged him to do so.

When the little boy was only five years old, he drew the picture of a foxhound from life, and it was such a good picture that it is now kept in the South Kensington Museum, in London, to be shown to visitors. When he was ten years old he drew a beautiful picture of a "Brown Mastiff, Sleeping," which was so fine that it afterward sold for three hundred and fifty dollars.

Landseer was very quick at his work and this is why he was able to paint so many pictures, which are among the finest in the world. He could draw with both hands at once.

You may be sure that Landseer was very fond of animals for wherever he went he had a troop of dogs with him. He could tell animal stories by the hour, and was so kind and pleasant to all about him that he was a favorite everywhere, from the palace of Queen Victoria to the humble cottage.

During his last illness his dog was with him nearly all the time. At one time, when a friend called to see him, he hugged his dog and said to him, "No one can love me as thou dost."



SIR EDWIN LANDSEER

GARIBALDI, THE HERO OF ITALY

IN Italy a group of men were standing on a dock when by accident a woman fell into the water. None of the men dared to risk their lives in an attempt to save her, and in a few moments she would have drowned.

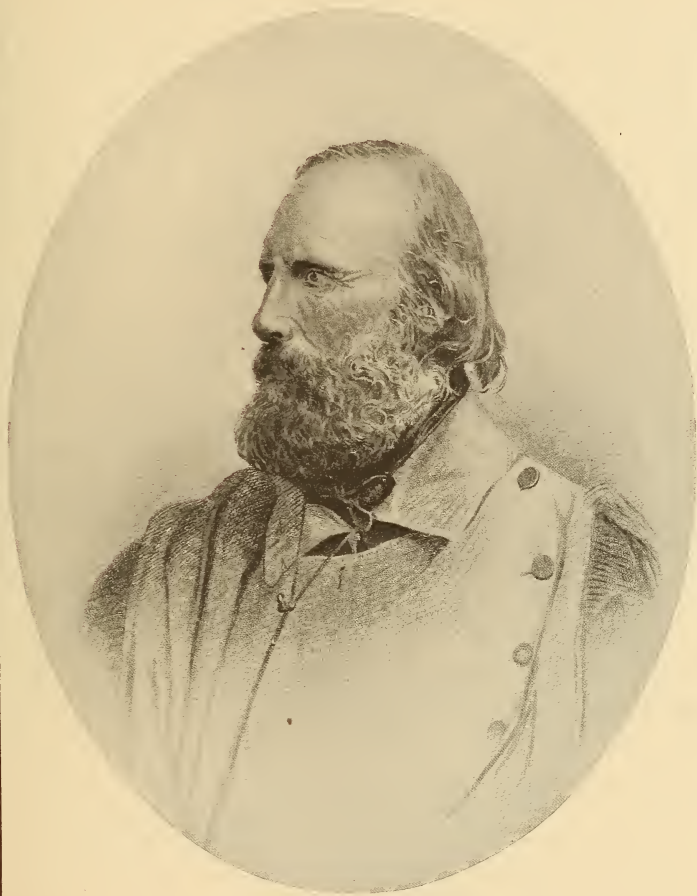
Just at this time a boy ran up and sprang into the water like a flash. He swam to the woman, seized her, and kept her from going down until help came and she was safe. The boy was pulled out of the water, too, and did not seem to have received any harm from his brave act.

Everybody wondered why he should take such a risk to save a woman he had never seen before. The reason was that the instinct of kindness was born with him, as was shown in all his after life.

This boy, whose name was Garibaldi, became one of the heroes of the world, and the liberator of his people from wrong and oppression.

Italy had been ruled for hundreds of years by men who were often cruel and unjust. Most of the people were so poor that they could scarcely live, because the taxes were so heavy that they took from them almost their last penny. The people had endured this from generation to generation because there was no one bold enough to lead them in rising up against it.

When Garibaldi became a man he had the same spirit which prompted him as a boy to risk his life to save the



GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI

drowning woman. He determined to devote his life to freeing his country from oppression. He found a few brave men who felt as he did, and he became the leader of a little band who were willing to die, if need be, for their country. To tell what dangers they faced and what wonderful escapes they had, would take days and days. It seemed as if God saved their lives time and again, for every effort was made to catch and kill them.

They had scarcely any money to buy supplies of food, clothing, and ammunition. Often they could not get enough to eat, and they suffered greatly from cold. They had no uniforms save that all who could, wore red flannel shirts; but the daring Garibaldi moved about so quickly, and made so many attacks on the enemy, that at last, after many years of terrible struggle, he was victorious and his country was made free.

He was ready to give his life for others, and in that he set us a fine example. We may never be called upon to do what he did, but we can have the same spirit of helpfulness that he showed throughout his life.

“WHENE’ER a noble deed is wrought,
Whene’er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher levels rise;
The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.”

THE BLUEBIRD

I KNOW the song that the bluebird is singing,
Out in the apple tree where he is swinging;
Brave little fellow! the skies may be dreary!
Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.

Hark! how the music leaps out from his throat!
Hark! was there ever so merry a note?
Listen a while and you'll hear what he's saying,
Up in the apple tree swinging and swaying.

"Dear little blossoms down under the snow,
You must be weary of winter, I know.
Hark! while I sing you a message of cheer!
Summer is coming! and springtime is here!

"Little white snowdrop! I pray you arise;
Bright yellow crocus! Come, open your eyes;
Sweet little violets, hid from the cold,
Put on your mantles of purple and gold;
Daffodils! daffodils! say, do you hear?
Summer is coming! springtime is here!"

— *Emily Huntington Miller.*

GOOD NIGHT AND GOOD MORNING

A FAIR little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see;
Then smoothed her work and folded it right,
And said, "Dear work, good night, good night!"

Such a number of rooks came over her head,
Crying, "Caw! Caw!" on their way to bed;
She said, as she watched their curious flight,
"Little black things, good night, good night!"

The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed,
The sheep's "Bleat! Bleat!" came over the road,
All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,
"Good little girl, good night, good night!"

She did not say to the sun, "Good night!"
Though she saw him there like a ball of light;
For she knew he had God's time to keep
All over the world, and never could sleep.

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head;
The violets curtsied and went to bed;
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said, on her knees, her favorite prayer.

And while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was day;
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
"Good morning, good morning! our work is begun!"

— Lord Houghton.



FAMILY CARES

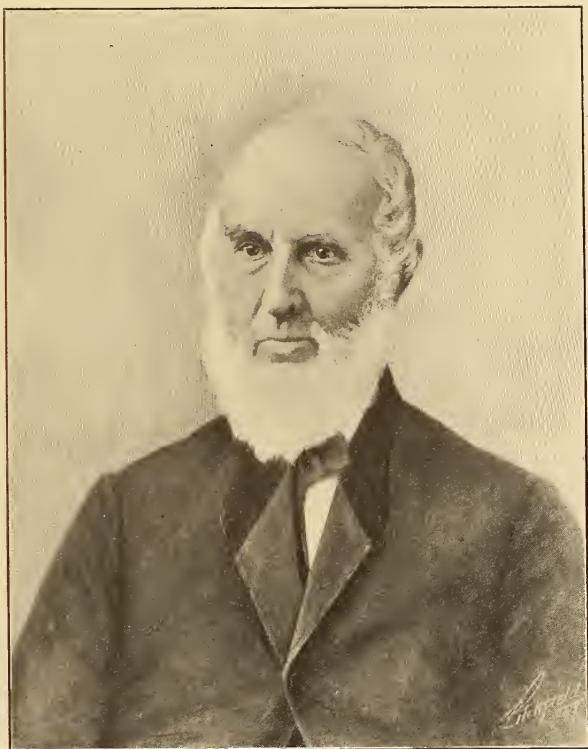
E. C. Barnes

WHITTIER AND HIS PETS

WHEN the poet Whittier was a boy, he lived on a farm, and every living thing there he loved. The birds he knew by name, and he watched them build their nests and feed their young. He learned their habits, knew their songs and calls, and fed them in the cold weather.

In those days oxen were often used instead of horses; and the oxen with which young Whittier worked became his pets. They were so tame and gentle that he used to sit on their heads with his legs hanging over their faces, and then lean back on their horns and take a rest. One day he took a bag of salt to give to the cattle and they liked the salt so much that they became crazy to get it. One big ox ran toward him so fast that he could not stop himself, so he gave a big leap and jumped over young Whittier's head and probably saved the boy's life by doing so.

Another day he was induced by some neighborhood boys to go turtle hunting. After securing a large one, the boys bent low a branch of a tree, tied the turtle fast, and then let the limb spring up. The boys went home and left the turtle swinging in the air; but Greenleaf couldn't sleep after he went to bed, for he kept thinking of the poor turtle. About midnight the timid little fellow got up, dressed, and went alone to the woods. He released the turtle, put it back into the brook, and then



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

the future poet went back to bed with a happy heart and went to sleep.

When Whittier became a man, he was more fond of pets than ever. One day his gardener brought him a squirrel he had caught. Mr. Whittier got him a nice cage and it was not long before the squirrel was jumping all about the room. It would run up Mr. Whittier's back, perch upon his coat collar, and look into all his pockets to find nuts. You may be sure that it always found some. When Mr. Whittier took a nap on his couch in the day time, the squirrel would jump up and gnaw the buttons off his coat.

Mr. Whittier had a pet mocking-bird which he called David. This bird was a fine singer, and Mr. Whittier was never tired of listening to his melody. The favorite perch of this bird was on the top of the poet's head, but Whittier did not mind that, for he liked David so well that he was quite willing to let him sit where he pleased.

But you could never guess what other pet he had. It was a little bantam rooster, which was often seen perched on the poet's shoulders, and which liked to be buttoned up inside his overcoat. The poet was an early riser, but his niece, who lived with him, often slept late, and sometimes he would put the bantam on top of her door, and its crowing would wake her.

Whittier also had a dog which he named "Robin Adair," after a beautiful song. Once a famous singer called on him, and he asked her to sing for him. She went to the piano and began to sing "Robin Adair."

The dog was in another room, but when he heard his name in the song, he went to the singer and sat down at her side. When she had finished he placed his paw in her hand and licked her cheek. As long as she was there he was with her, indoors and out, and when she went away he carried her bag in his mouth to the gate, and seemed distressed to have her go.

IF EVER I SEE

IF ever I see,
On bush or tree,
Young birds in their pretty nest,
I must not in play
Steal the birds away,
To grieve their mother's breast.

My mother, I know,
Would sorrow so,
Should I be stolen away;
So I'll speak to the birds
In my softest words,
Nor hurt them in my play.

And when they can fly
In the bright blue sky,
They'll warble a song to me;
And then, if I'm sad,
It will make me glad
To think they are happy and free.

THE BAREFOOT BOY

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy, —
I was once a barefoot boy.
Prince thou art — the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye —
Outward sunshine, inward joy —
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

Oh, for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned at schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;



THE BAREFOOT BOY

Wallace Nutting

How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans;
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks.
Part and parcel of her joy —
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

Oh, for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming birds and honey bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;

Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apple of Hesperides!
Still as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can!
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat.
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil;
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

— *John Greenleaf Whittier.*

THE FAMILY HORSE

AT Duxbury, Massachusetts, which is not very far from Plymouth Rock, may be seen, near the seashore, a brick monument, eight feet high, with a large wooden ball on the top. On the side facing the sea is a slate with this inscription:

“All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul.”

Here lies buried

Honest Dick,

Who

Faithfully served three generations.

This noble horse was born upon Powder Point,

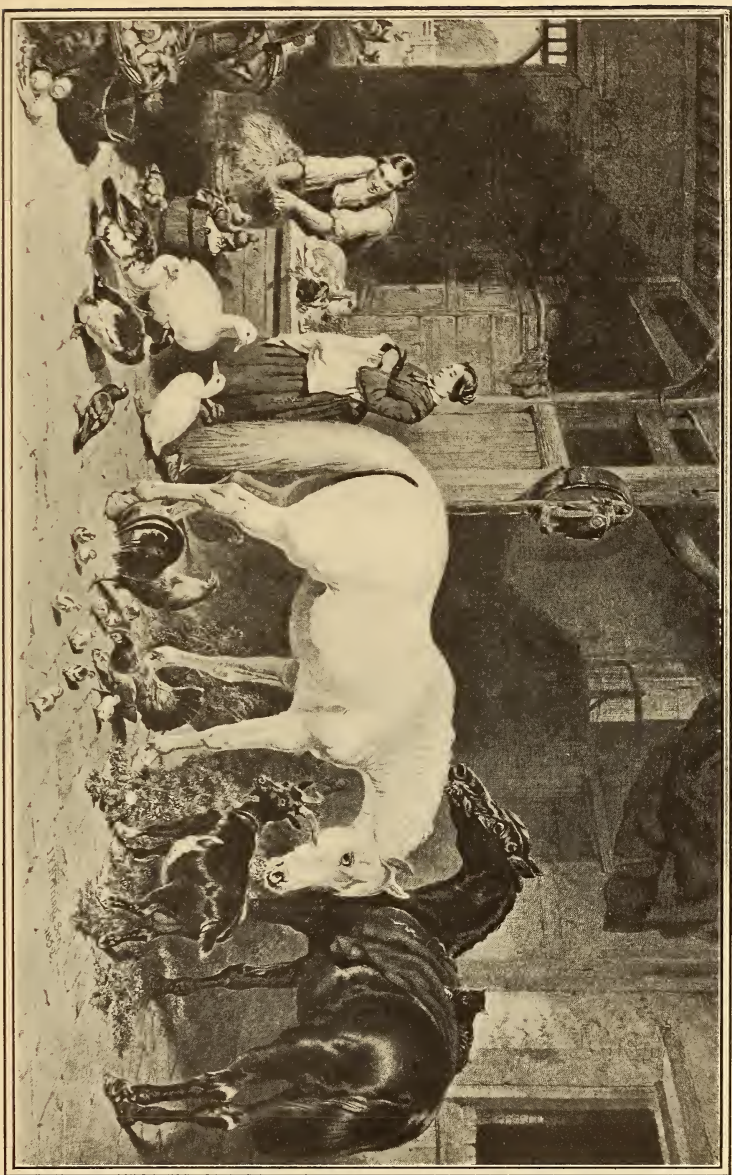
A.D. 1817.

Here lived and here died,

A.D. 1846.

What words can describe the services of such a faithful creature? What money could repay them? To funerals, weddings, picnics, parties, school, market, year after year, he plodded through mud and sleet and snow and dust, until age compelled the tired body to enter on its long final rest.

And this brief history could be multiplied by thousands of families, all over the land, who have enjoyed the same faithful service, but are more forgetful of its value.



KINDNESS AND PLENTY—*Herring*

THE ARAB TO HIS HORSE

COME, my beauty! come, my desert-darling!
On my shoulder lay thy glossy head!
Fear not, though the barley-sack be empty,
Here's the half of Hassan's scanty bread.

Thou shalt have thy share of dates, my beauty!
And thou know'st my water-skin is free;
Drink and welcome, for the wells are distant,
And my strength and safety lie in thee.

Bend thy forehead, now, to take my kisses!
Lift in love thy dark and splendid eye;
Thou art glad when Hassan mounts the saddle —
Thou art proud he owns thee; so am I.

Let the Sultan bring his boasted horses,
Prancing with their diamond-studded reins;
They, my darling, shall not match thy fleetness,
When they course with thee the desert plains.

We have seen Damascus, O my beauty!
And the splendor of the Pashas there;
What's their pomp and riches? why, I would not
Take them for a handful of thy hair!

— Bayard Taylor.



THE ARAB AT HOME.—*Decap*

THE HORSE

IN Russia people do not use blinders to cover the eyes of horses, and so they seldom get frightened. They know when to start, because they can see when the people have got into the carriages, and when they hear noises they can see the cause.

Blinders were invented by an English nobleman to hide a defect in the eyes of a valuable horse, and then they were found to be a good place for the display of the coats of arms of the nobility, so they came into fashion. They injure the eyes of horses, and have caused thousands of accidents, because horses with blinders cannot see behind them. In America a great many people are beginning to train their horses to go in carriages without blinders — just as they do in saddles without blinders. By and by they will be out of fashion, and horses, like all other animals, will be permitted to use their eyes.

It is a great cruelty to a horse to tie his head back with a tight check-rein, for he cannot breathe so freely, he cannot draw so heavy a load, nor do it so easily. Many horses suffer great pain and become diseased because of their cruel check-reins. If a boy had to draw or push a heavy sled or wheelbarrow with a bit in his mouth fastened to his back, pulling his head away back of his shoulders so that he could not lean forward, then he would know what a horse suffers with a tight check-rein. A check-rein, if used at all, should always be so long that when a horse draws a heavy load up a steep hill, he can



THOROUGHBREDS

Heywood Hardy

put his head as far down as he would put it if he did not have a check-rein.

Some people, when their horses become old, or sick, or lame, sell them for a small sum to cruel men who beat them, and kick them, and starve them, and otherwise abuse them, and then the poor horses have a hard time until they die. A good horse, that has worked faithfully for his master until he is worn out, never ought to be sold. When he has become too old or worn out to serve a good and merciful master, then he should be killed, in a merciful way, without pain.

A HAPPY FAMILY

'T WAS a bitter cold morning; the new-fallen snow
Had pierced every crack where a snowflake could go;
The streams were all solid, the ice sharp and clear;
And even the fishes were chilly, I fear.

Almost all the wild creatures were troubled and cold,
And sighed for sweet summer, the shy and the bold;
But one thrifty family, as you must know,
Was breakfasting merrily under the snow.

Close by a tall tree, in a hole in the ground,
Which led to a parlor, with leaves cushioned round,
Five jolly red squirrels were sitting at ease,
And eating their breakfast as gay as you please.

— D. H. R. Goodale.



A HAPPY FAMILY

S. J. Carter

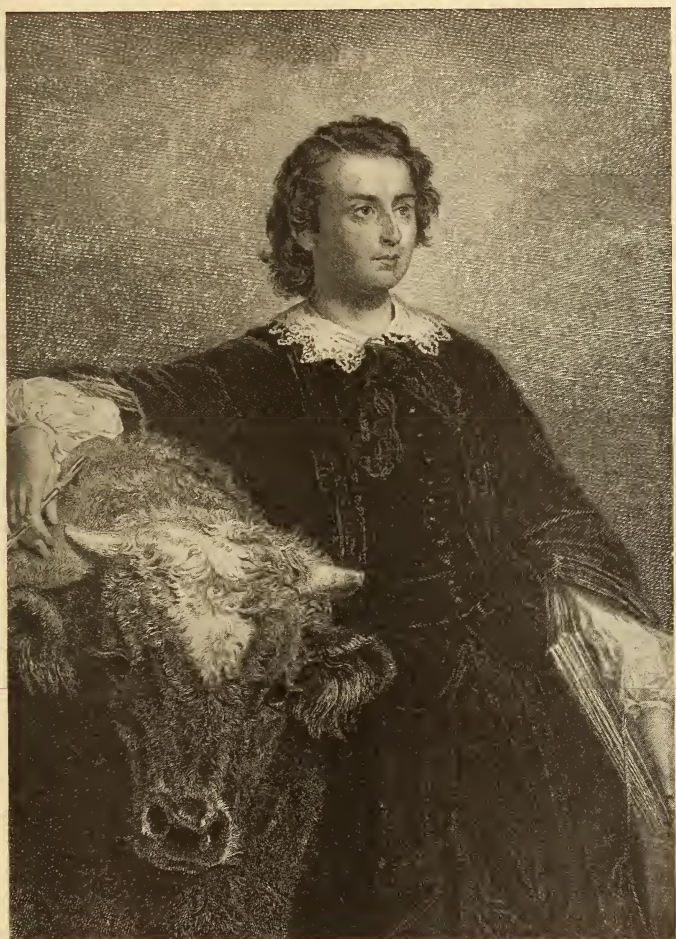
ROSA BONHEUR

ROSA BONHEUR was a French artist and one of the most gifted painters who ever lived. Her father was an artist with a large family, and he had a hard struggle to take care of all his children. So Rosa began to draw pictures when she was a young girl in order to help support the family.

This was no hardship for her, for she delighted to draw and paint, and would sing at her work all day long. When she was seventeen years of age she began to study animals, and to find them she made trips in the fields, in the woods, and among lonely, steep mountains. At one time the family had a pet sheep which they kept in their apartment, on the sixth floor of the building where they lived.

After a time Mr. Bonheur died from overwork and then the burden laid on Rosa was heavier than ever. But her brave spirit never faltered, and after a time she painted many pictures which made her famous. Some of the best are "The Horse Fair," "The Horse to be Sold," "Horses Leaving the Watering-place," "A Flock of Sheep," and "The Hay Field."

We should remember her, not only for her wonderful pictures, but also for her kind heart, for her cheerful willingness to help her family, and for her great love of animals.



ROSA BONHEUR

ALEXANDER DUMAS AND HIS PETS

ALEXANDER DUMAS was a famous French writer of stories. He wrote many books which pleased the people so much that they had a very large sale. This made him rich. He had a fine estate in the country, which he named "Monte Cristo," after one of his books. He liked company and loved to have people visit him from all parts of the world.

He was very fond of pets and had some of the strangest that you can imagine. Among them were an African vulture, two big bright-colored parrots, a pheasant, a rooster, an Angora cat, and three monkeys. All of these had long names, which their master had taught them to know. Dumas took the best of care of his pets, and the many entertaining stories that he told about them show that he had the keenest sympathy for one and all.

One day Dumas was walking past a large fish market in Paris. As he glanced through the window, he noticed a customer pick up a live tortoise and turn it about in his hands. Dumas felt sure that the man intended to make the tortoise into turtle soup. Instantly Dumas' sympathy was aroused in behalf of the innocent tortoise. He went into the shop, said a word to the shopkeeper, whom he had known for many years, and purchased the tortoise, while the customer was still hesitating as to whether he wanted it. Dumas took the tortoise home and found it a very amusing addition to his pets.



ALEXANDER DUMAS

Dumas also had a big, intelligent, Scotch pointer dog, of which he was fond. The dog, like his master, loved company. He would sit out in the road, watching for passing dogs, which he would take to the house, and he kept this up until there were thirteen dogs living at Monte Cristo. The gardener then complained to his master, and asked him whether he should not whip twelve of the dogs and send them away. Mr. Dumas said:

“You see, when the good God gives us riches, a fine house and position, he also imposes charges upon us. Since the dogs, which after all are His creatures, too, are in the house, I prefer that they stay.”

THE LAMB

LITTLE lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Gave thee life, and bade thee feed
By the stream and on the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

— *William Blake.*



PET LAMB

L. Chialiva

ST. FRANCIS AND THE BIRDS

ABOUT seven hundred years ago there was born a boy, named Francis, who was as gentle as a child all through his life. When he grew to be a man he became a priest, and was so beloved by the people that they called him St. Francis. He lived near a town called Assisi, and is known as St. Francis of Assisi.

He was kind and affectionate not only to the people about him, but also to all of God's creatures, and especially to the birds.

A legend has come down to us, from one of the quaint old writers of his time, which relates that as St. Francis was traveling through the country he saw a flock of birds and turned away from the road so that he could get nearer to them. The story says that the birds, instead of being afraid of him, flocked all about him, as if to bid him welcome. Then he began to talk to them:

"Brother birds," he said, "you ought to praise and love your Creator very much. He has given you feathers for clothing, wings for flying, and all that is needful for you. He permits you to live in the pure air; you have neither to sow nor to reap, and yet he takes care of you, watches over you, and guides you."

Then the story says that the birds began to arch their necks, to spread out their wings, to open their beaks, to look at him as if to thank him, while he went up and down in their midst, stroking them with the border of



ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

his cloak and sending them away at last with his blessing.

The story also relates that at one time he was preaching to the people when the swallows chirped so loudly that he could not be heard.

"It is my turn to speak," he said to the swallows — "little sister swallows, hearken to the voice of God; keep silent until I have finished."

It is said of him that his love extended to all creation, from the sun to the earthworm, and so his memory has come down to us through all these seven hundred years, as a man with a heart large enough to love and cherish all the creatures which God has made and placed under our care.

THE CRY OF THE LITTLE BROTHERS

The good St. Francis of Assisi called all animals his "little brothers and sisters."

WE are the little brothers,
Homeless in cold and heat,
Four-footed little beggars,
Roaming the city street.

Snatching a bone from the gutter,
Creeping through alleys drear,
Stoned, and sworn at, and beaten,
Our hearts consumed with fear.

You say that the same God made us.
When before His throne you come,

Shall you clear yourselves in His presence
On the plea that He made us dumb?

Are your hearts too hard to listen
To a starving kitten's cries?
Or too gay for the patient pleading
In a dog's beseeching eyes?

Behold us, your "little brothers" —
Starving, beaten, oppressed, —
Stretch out a hand to help us
That we may have food and rest.

Too long have we roamed neglected,
Too long have we sickened with fear,
The mercy you hope and pray for
You can grant us, now and here.

— *Etheldred Barry.*

AUDUBON, THE FRIEND OF BIRDS

PERHAPS you have heard of the Audubon societies, which are scattered all through the country, having for their object the saving of the birds. These societies are named after John James Audubon who died about fifty years ago. Audubon was an artist and also a great naturalist.

When he was a little boy, Audubon was not like most other children. Instead of playing with boys of his own age, he liked to spend hour after hour in his father's big garden, watching the mocking-birds, blue jays, red birds,

orioles, and woodpeckers. He learned how the birds build their nests and get their food. He noticed the coloring of every feather, and when he had studied the birds a long time, he began to paint them. He made pictures that were wonderfully lifelike for the work of a little boy.

When Audubon became a young man his father made him a present of a large plantation in Pennsylvania, and Audubon went there to live. He now owned miles and miles of woodland, the home of thousands of birds. On the plantation was a big rock in which there was a cave. Audubon took this for his home, and put in it a bed, a table, a chair, and a cupboard for his dishes.

Then he dressed himself in a strong suit of buckskin and felt that he was ready to study the birds. At first the little feathered creatures were afraid of him. But they soon made friends. They went to housekeeping and raised their little ones near his cave without taking any notice of him.

Audubon never killed a bird except to study it. When his little son, Victor, grew old enough, Audubon taught him to paint, and to recognize the different birds and know their habits. He was willing to travel hundreds of miles, over mountains, through swamps and woods, far away from where any people lived, if he could only find a new songster. His collection of bird pictures is the finest ever made and is very valuable.

Audubon lived to be an old man, and when he died was buried in New York City. It is said that the trees



JOHN JAMES AUDUBON

near Audubon's grave are a favorite haunt of myriads of swallows that gather there on warm summer evenings. It is very impressive to see the timid, graceful creatures circling above the grave of the gentle Audubon, who did more than any other man to protect them from harm.

The president of all the Audubon societies in the United States says that every year in our country the insects destroy crops that are worth not less than eight hundred millions of dollars. Learned men who spend their lives in making a study of insects know the immense loss which they cause to farmers, gardeners, and fruit growers, and are able to make very close estimates as to what these losses cost in money.

The reason for this fearful destruction is that the birds that feed on these insects are killed, more and more each year, for their feathers, and for cruel sport. They are our good friends; let us not kill them.

ANSELM AND THE HARE

ANSELM, the priest from Italy,
He whom the poet Dante named
The greatest saint in paradise,
He whose high wisdom justly claimed

Obedience from monks and kings,
Rode, as it chanced upon a day,
Where stately English trees outstretched
Their spreading boughs along the way.



From out the wood there rushed a hare,
With following huntsmen on her track;
A voice and hand were lifted up,
The good priest bade the men stand back.

They paused, amazed, for, wild with fright,
The trembling creature swiftly sprang
Beneath his horse, as if she saw
Her hopes of safety on him hang.

"Behold," he spake with gentle voice,
"How she beneath my horse's feet
Hath sought a refuge. Think ye not
To send her safely forth were meet?"

"In need man flees to God for aid;
That mercy which he seeks on high
Shall he not grant the timorous beast
That fearful shrinks, afraid to die?"

Then sped the hare into the wood,
With bounding leaps and nerves astrain,
And with a blessing for each man,
Anselm, the priest, rode on again.

— *Gulielma Zollinger.*

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS OF GEORGIA

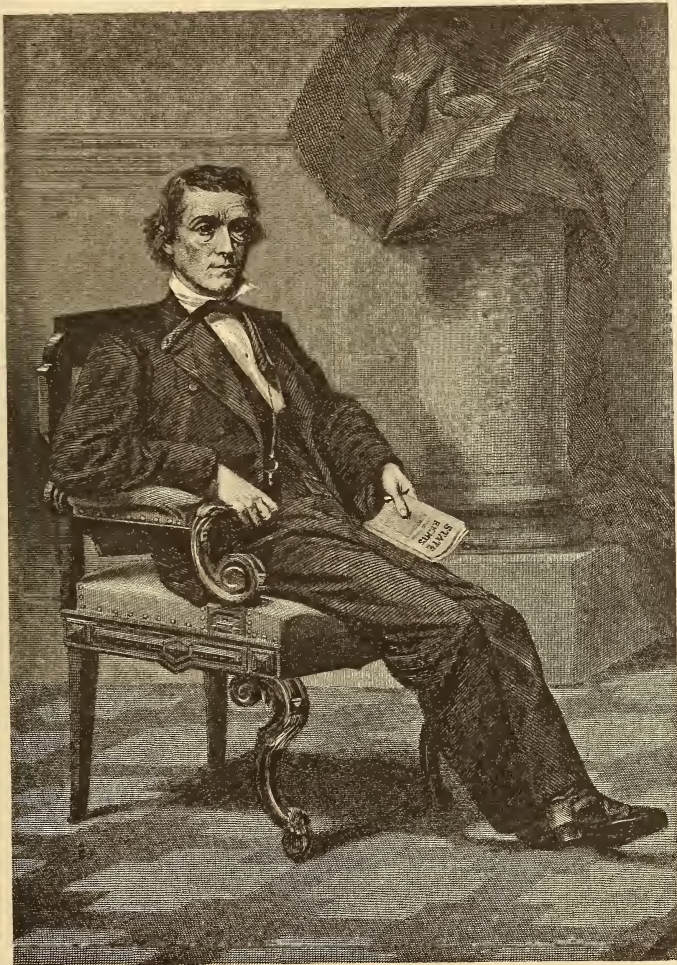
ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS was one of the most eminent of Southern statesmen. No man had more influence than he in his native state of Georgia. Every office he held, he adorned, not only by his great ability, but by his inflexible love of justice and the right. Though he was frail in body, he was a leader of men, and his advice was usually followed by the admiring people.

This great man had an intense love for his home and for the animals about him. Some men can form a strong attachment for a horse or dog, but for nothing else. But Mr. Stephens loved all creatures with which he came in contact, and especially young animals. When at home one of his greatest recreations was to go to his barn-yard and watch by the hour the comical antics of his little pigs.

He had several dogs, and would talk to them and pet them as if they were human beings. They slept at night either in his room or outside his door. They were his body-guard and watched the house so faithfully that the doors were never locked.

A poodle named Rio was for years his constant companion. This dog was blind for a long time before it died, and received as much care as if it were a member of his family. _____

Kindness — a language which the dumb can speak, and the deaf can understand.



ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS

DICK AND BLIND CHARLEY

ONCE there were two horses in the town of Cranford in Wales. One was called Dick and the other, which was blind, was named Charley.

One day Charley wandered down into a river, and as he could not see the shore, he kept getting in farther and farther, until the water was so deep that he had to swim. He then went swimming around in a circle trying to get to the shore.

Dick was grazing on the bank of the river and when he saw Charley swimming around and around he must have thought to himself: "That poor horse cannot see or he would not act that way. I will call to him; perhaps he will mind my voice."

So Dick went down to the water's edge and neighed as loudly as he could. Still Charley did not know which way to turn. His fright seemed to have made him deaf as well as blind. Then Dick must have thought to himself: "That poor horse will get tired by and by and will soon be drowned if I do not help him."

So he jumped into the river, swam out to where Charley was, and touched his nose, as much as to say, "Follow me." Then he guided Charley safely to shore.

By this time a great many people had gathered, and when Dick brought Charley out safely they cheered him loudly just as we would have done had we been there.

SENATOR GEORGE F. HOAR AND THE BIRDS

THIS great man was one of the finest lawyers and ablest men in his day. For many years he represented Massachusetts in the United States Senate.

He lived a busy life, but he did not forget to plead for the birds. He made an appeal to the Massachusetts Legislature, which resulted in a law prohibiting the wearing of song birds on women's hats. He made the birds speak for themselves in these beautiful words:

"To the Great and General Court of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts: We, the song birds of Massachusetts and their playfellows, make this petition.

"We know more about you than you think we do. We know how good you are. We have hopped about the roofs and looked in at the windows of the houses you have built for poor and sick and hungry people and little lame and deaf and blind children. We have built our nests in the trees and sung many a song as we flew about the gardens and parks you have made so beautiful for your own children, especially your poor children, to play in.

"Every year we fly a great way over the country, keeping all the time where the sun is bright and warm; and we know that when you do anything, other people all over the great land between the seas and the Great Lakes find it out, and pretty soon will try to do the same thing. We know; we know.

"We are Americans just as you are. Some of us, like

some of you, came from across the great sea, but most of us have lived here a long while; and birds like us welcomed your fathers when they came here many years ago. Our fathers and mothers have always done their best to please your fathers and mothers.

“Now, we have a sad story to tell you. Thoughtless or bad people are trying to destroy us. They kill us because our feathers are beautiful. Even pretty and sweet girls, who we should think would be our best friends, kill our brothers and children so that they may wear their plumage on their hats.

“Sometimes people kill us from mere wantonness. Cruel boys destroy our nests and steal our eggs and our young ones. People with guns and snares lie in wait to kill us, as if the place for a bird were not in the sky, alive, but in a shop-window or under a glass case. If this goes on much longer all your song birds will be gone. Already, we are told, in some other countries that used to be full of birds, they are almost gone.

“Now we humbly pray that you will stop all this, and will save us from this sad fate. You have already made a law that no one shall kill a harmless song bird or destroy our nests or our eggs. Will you please to make another that no one shall wear our feathers, so that we shall not be killed to get them? We want them all ourselves. We are told that it is as easy for you to help us as for Blackbirds to whistle.

“If you will, we know how to pay you a hundred times over. We will teach your children to keep themselves

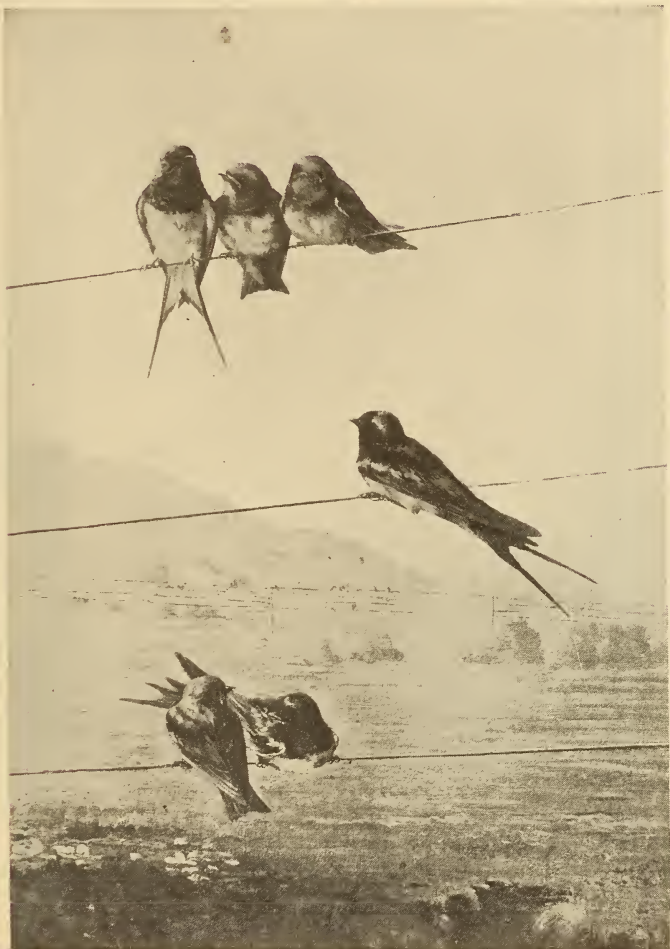


GEORGE F. HOAR

clean and neat. We will show them how to live together in peace and love and to agree as we do in our nests. We will build pretty houses which you will like to see. We will play about your gardens and flower-beds — ourselves like flowers on wings — without any cost to you. We will destroy the insects and worms that spoil your cherries and currants and plums and apples and roses. We will give you our best songs and make the spring more beautiful and the summer sweeter to you.

“Every June morning when you go out into the field, Oriole and Blackbird and Bobolink will fly after you and make the day more delightful to you; and when you go home tired at sundown Vesper Sparrow will tell you how grateful we are. When you sit on your porch after dark, Fife Bird and Hermit Thrush and Wood Thrush will sing to you, and even Whip-poor-will will cheer up a little. We know where we are safe. In a little while all the birds will come to live in Massachusetts again, and everybody who loves music will like to make a summer home with you.

“The signers are: Brown Thrasher, Robert o’ Lincoln, Hermit Thrush, Vesper Sparrow, Robin Red Breast, Song Sparrow, Scarlet Tanager, Summer Red Bird, Blue Heron, Humming Bird, Yellow Bird, Whip-poor-will, Water Wag-tail, Woodpecker, Pigeon Woodpecker, Indigo Bird, Yellow Throat, Wilson’s Thrush, Chickadee, King Bird, Swallow, Cedar Bird, Cow Bird, Martin, Veery, Vireo, Oriole, Black Bird, Fife Bird, Wren, Linnet, Peewee, Phoebe, Yoke Bird, Lark, Sandpiper, Chewink.”



A RESTING PLACE

M. Laur

THE TRUANT BIRD

A N empty cage! The bird has flown!
Where can my little friend have gone?
Last night I left him on his perch,
But now, although I peep and search,
And wander here and wander there,
I cannot find him anywhere!

Such friends we were, you may believe,
No wonder that I sorely grieve.
I fed him from my very hand;
Upon my fingers he would stand,
And often from my lips remove
Some dainty that all song-birds love.

I cannot think he meant to go —
He surely would not leave me so!
I'll wait beneath this maple tree;
Perhaps his golden crest I'll see.
A twitter from the topmost bough,
A burst of song, a rush, and now
Upon my shoulder nestles he,
As happy as a bird can be!
Why did you go, you naughty thing?
You might have broken leg or wing,
And fallen where no friend was near
To ease your pain, or bring you cheer.

"I did not mean to fly away —
At least I did not mean to stay —



THE PET BIRD

Meyer von Bremen

But you forgot to give me drink
And nice, fresh seed — oh, only think!
So, to remind you, day by day,
I made believe to run away!”

IVAN AND THE QUAIL

THERE was once a little boy, named Ivan, who lived in Russia. The country where he lived was like a great bare prairie without any trees, but in some places there were ravines or hollows, at the bottom of which were small streams. Often, on the sides of the ravines, there were bushes where the quail and partridges made their home.

This boy's father was a rich man and a great hunter and had a fine hunting dog named Treasure. Ivan often went hunting with his father and Treasure, and thought it great sport. When the father shot a bird, Treasure would run to pick it up and bring it to them in his mouth. Then Ivan would jump and shout for joy.

One day they went out hunting in a ravine and pretty soon a quail flew up almost under Treasure's nose. She would fly along and then drop to the ground, as though wounded. Ivan's father did not dare to fire for fear of hitting the dog.

In a few minutes Treasure caught the quail and brought it to them. The father held it in his hand with its breast up and said, “She must have her nest of young ones not far from here, for she pretended to be wounded



THE FRIENDLY BIRDS

E. Munier

so as to draw the dog away from the nest and save her little ones, but Treasure has hurt her and she will not live."

The little boy went close to the quail as it lay still in his father's hand, and its black eyes looked at him. All at once his heart was moved with a great pity, for it seemed to him as if the poor little creature were attempting to say, "Why should I die for trying to save my little ones?"

The boy caressed the poor bird's head with his hand, but in a moment her body trembled and her eyes closed. Then Ivan burst into tears and cried as if his heart would break, for the quail was dead.

Very soon Treasure found the nest, but the father called him away before he had hurt the little ones. Ivan went to the nest and there were four little quails with their necks stretched out and mouths open for food. The father sat down and began to eat the lunch which he had brought, but the boy could not eat. He put the dead mother quail in his handkerchief and said:

"Poor little birds! Your mother has been killed. What will become of you?"

Then Ivan and his father went away, the dog trotting after them. A few days after Ivan went back and found that the little birds had starved to death.

From that day Ivan lost his liking for sport and hunting. His father had promised some time before to make him a present of a fine gun, but he did not want it.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE

DAVID LIVINGSTONE was a famous traveler and explorer. When a boy he loved to wander by the rivers and lakes of Scotland, to watch the fish and birds, and to gather flowers, plants, and curious stones.

When ten years old, he was put to work in a cotton factory, and out of his first week's wages he bought a Latin book. He worked long hours, but he placed his book on his spinning-jenny, so that he could glance at it as he worked, and before he was sixteen he had read many classical authors.

When he became a young man he decided to devote his life to the service of mankind. At that time the great continent of Africa was almost unknown. Little was known about the millions of black people who lived back from the coast, except that cruel Arab and Portugese slave-traders were bringing down to slave-ships long processions of poor black creatures who had been stolen from their homes. These were stowed away like cattle in the dark, filthy holds of the ships, where a great many died owing to poor food, foul air, and homesickness.

In the year 1840, when he was twenty-seven years old, Livingstone went to Africa, and when he saw the horrors of the terrible slave-trade, he resolved to do all in his power to stop it. For more than thirty years he made long and toilsome journeys in that unknown

country, braving fevers, hunger, thirst, savages, and many other forms of danger. He said, "If the good Lord permits me to put a stop to the enormous evils of the slave-trade, I shall not grudge my hunger and thirst."

He told his story to the world, and largely through what he did and said, the slave-trade was put down.

In many parts of Africa water is very scarce, and game will come to the dangerous water-holes only when they can resist their thirst no longer. Livingstone's heart was so tender that even when he needed the food, he would not kill the poor creatures that came to quench their thirst at the risk of their lives.

After his death there were found in one of the journals which he wrote during those lonely travels, Coleridge's lines, beginning,

"He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast."

He died alone in the heart of Africa with only his black attendants near him, but such was their affection for him that they lovingly carried his body to the coast. From there it was taken to England and buried in Westminster Abbey.

On a memorial tablet over his grave, after his name, are these words, "For thirty years his life was spent in an unwearied effort to evangelize the native races, to explore the undiscovered secrets, and abolish the desolating slave-trade of Central Africa."



DAVID LIVINGSTONE

SPITZ'S EDUCATION

O H, Spitz! This really is too bad —
A dog brought up like you!
Do you forget already, sir,
All you've been taught to do?

Now, look at me, and pray attend;
Give me your right-hand paw!
No! that is not the right one, Spitz,
Your honor is concerned;
You would not gobble up the cake
Because my back was turned.

And you must learn to balance things
Upon your shiny nose;
And, Spitz, be careful when you walk,
To turn out well your toes.

Some day I'll teach you, Spitz, to walk
Upon two legs, like me;
But then, old Spitz, you must behave
With more gentility.

Your paw again. You shocking dog!
With all the pains I've taken,
To find in right and left paw still
You always are mistaken!

— *Mrs. Charles Heaton.*



GOOD DOGGIE

George Earl

SOME BIRDS' NESTS

THERE is a great variety in the material used by the birds for building their nests. Robins' nests are always quite similar in size, shape, and material. So it is with the other bird families.

There is a bird called the cliff-swallow, which builds its nest of clay on the side of a cliff. A number of swallows usually work together. Flying off in different directions, they return with clay which they soften before putting it on their nests. One bird, that seems to be the master builder, stays in the nests, smooths off the clay, and sees that the work is properly done. In this way a little village of nests is made.

The barn swallow's nest is built in much the same way. In front is a tiny platform on which the father sits and sings to his mate until the eggs in the nest are hatched.

Among the most interesting of all birds' nests are those of the weaver-birds. To this class belongs the Baltimore oriole, which weaves its nest of fine grass, threaded through and through, and suspended from some convenient limb.

Another weaver-bird, common in Asia and Africa, suspends its nest from the end of some branch overhanging the water. This is done to keep out of the reach of snakes and monkeys; for the twig, strong enough to bear the weight of a bird's nest, would not support one of these animals.

There is a weaver-bird in Africa called the "social

weaver." A number of these go together and build in some tree-top a great grass canopy which will shed water like an umbrella. When this canopy is made, each pair of birds build their nest under its shelter.

Perhaps the most interesting of all birds' nests is that of the tailor bird, which lives in India. It selects a large leaf, and after making small holes in each side with its beak, sews the two sides together. When this is done it builds a soft, downy nest inside. This is always suspended from the end of a slender twig, to keep it out of the reach of any mischievous animals. It is said that the tailor bird not only sews, but will also make a knot in the end of the thread to prevent its slipping through.

— *Elizabeth Davis Fielder.*

Oh, if there is one law above the rest
Written in wisdom — if there is a word
That I would trace as with a pen of fire
Upon the unsunn'd temper of a child —
If there is anything that keeps the mind
Open to angels' visits, and repels
The ministry of ill — 'tis human love.

— *N. P. Willis.*

If you cannot do a kind deed
Speak a kind word;
If you cannot speak a kind word
Think a kind thought.

THE EMPEROR'S BIRD'S NEST

ONCE the Emperor Charles of Spain,
With his swarthy, grave commanders,
I forget in what campaign,
Long besieged, in mud and rain,
Some old frontier town of Flanders.
Up and down the dreary camp,
In great boots of Spanish leather,
Striding with a measured tramp,
These Hidalgos, dull and damp,
Cursed the Frenchmen, cursed the weather.
Thus as to and fro they went,
Over upland and through hollow,
Giving their impatience vent,
Perched upon the emperor's tent,
In her nest, they spied a swallow.
Yes, it was a swallow's nest,
Built of clay and hair of horses,
Mane or tail, or dragon's crest,
Found on hedge-rows east and west,
After skirmish of the forces.
Then an old Hidalgo said,
As he twirled his gray *mustachio*,
"Sure this swallow overhead
Thinks the emperor's tent a shed,
And the emperor but a Macho!"
Hearing his imperial name
Coupled with those words of malice,

Half in anger, half in shame,
Forth the great campaigner came
Slowly from his canvas palace.

"Let no hand the bird molest,"
Said he solemnly, "nor hurt her!"
Adding then by way of jest,
"Golondrina is my guest,
'Tis the wife of some deserter!"

Swift as bowstring speeds a shaft,
Through the camp was spread the rumor,
And the soldiers, as they quaffed
Flemish beer at dinner, laughed
At the emperor's pleasant humor.

So, unharmed and unafraid,
Sat the swallow still and brooded,
Till the constant cannonade
Through the walls a breach had made,
And the siege was thus concluded.

Then the army, elsewhere bent,
Struck its tents as if disbanding,
Only not the emperor's tent,
For he ordered, 'ere he went,
Very curtly, "Leave it standing!"

So it stood there all alone,
Loosely flapping, torn and tattered,
Till the brood was fledged and flown,
Singing o'er those walls of stone
Which the cannon-shot had shattered.

— *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

CHARLES DICKENS

CHARLES DICKENS was a very popular English writer of novels. When he was a little boy, his father was poor and Charles was put into a factory to work, where he had a sad, hard life. When he grew older he found that he could write stories which were so good that millions of people would read them. He hated cruelty and wrong and never forgot the time when he was a poor boy working in the factory. Few men have ever lived who have done more to prevent cruelty.

When he began to write, there were hundreds of schools where boys could be sent away from home. In many the school-masters were very cruel. They flogged the boys without mercy if they had imperfect lessons. Very often the boys did not get enough to eat and suffered for want of care. There were also hundreds of girls' boarding-schools where little girls were cruelly treated.

Besides this there were thousands of little boys in work-houses and factories and shops, who were very miserable, and there were many other people whose lives were dark and sorrowful, because they were treated unjustly.

Dickens wrote stories about all of these people, and so aroused the sympathy of the world that laws were changed and the lives of her unfortunate made brighter.

He felt such pity for the sorrowful and downtrodden that we are moved to tears of sympathy when reading some of his stories.



CHARLES DICKENS.

BOB WHITE

OLD friend, I hear your whistle
 Upon the zigzag rail;
Your cheery voice of welcome
 Rings on the autumn gale;
When scarlet leaves and golden
 Dance in the amber light,
You tell me of your presence
 With a vim, Bob White!

A whole-souled little fellow,
 In speckled coat of brown,
You heed not summer's passing
 Or skies that darkly frown;
While other birds are quiet,
 Your call comes to delight,
And that is why I like you
 Most of all, Bob White!

Philosopher in feathers,
 I'd join your happy school;
The heart forever sighing
 Belongeth to the fool!
Happy-go-lucky fellow,
 Though chilly breezes blight,
There's always summer sunshine
 In your heart, Bob White!

The world has so much sorrow,
 We need your lively call;

A soul to face all trouble,
Ah! that's the best of all!
The snow will soon be falling,
Nor hill nor vale in sight;
But I have learned your lesson
In my heart, Bob White!

— *Lucy Larcom.*

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON wrote many story-books that have become famous. Among them are "Treasure Island," "Kidnapped," and others.

He was born in Edinburgh in the year 1850 and died in 1895. His grandfather, father, and uncle were great engineers and builders, who erected lighthouses in the ocean where it seemed impossible to build them. They wanted Robert to follow the same calling. But he had no desire to be an engineer. Then his father wanted him to become a lawyer, which he did, but this profession also was distasteful to him.

He liked to wander in the fields, to explore the woods and mountains, to mix with different classes of people, to study them and notice their peculiarities. He delighted in writing about all he saw.

Stevenson suffered from poor health most of his life, and during his last years found it necessary to live in a warm, balmy climate. He went to the Island of Samoa, which is in the Pacific Ocean, and made a home

among the natives. The climate was delightful, and he probably prolonged his life for several years by living there. He had a strong little Samoan pony, named Jack, on which he used to ride for his health. He was very strongly attached to this little animal and showed his affection by arranging that after his death it should be cared for and should not be used by any one else as long as it lived.

He was kind not only to his pony, but also to the people about him, and they all loved him. When he died, an old Samoan chief, whom Stevenson had helped, said:

"I am only a poor Samoan and ignorant. We were in prison and he cared for us. We were sick and he made us well. We were hungry and he fed us. The day was no longer than his kindness."

The native chiefs dug his grave on the side of a mountain in the spot that he had chosen, and they themselves carried his body up the steep ascent.

So the good influence of his life was even more than the brilliancy of his books. He wrote this prayer, which is one of the classics in our language:

"We thank Thee for the place in which we dwell; for the love that unites us; for the peace accorded us this day; for the hope with which we expect the morrow; for the health, the work, the food, and the bright skies that make our lives delightful, for our friends in all parts of the earth, and our friendly helpers in this foreign isle. Give us courage and gaiety and the quiet mind. Spare to us our friends, soften to us our enemies. Bless us, if it



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

may be; give us the strength to encounter that which is to come, that we may be brave in peril, constant in tribulation, temperate in wrath and in all changes of fortune, and down to the gates of death, loyal and loving, one to another."

He died when only forty-five years old but he left the world brighter and better because he had lived in it.

His little poem entitled "My Kingdom" shows how well he understood and could interpret the life of active boys.

MY KINGDOM

DOWN by a shining water well
I found a very little dell,
No higher than my head.
The heather and the gorse about
In summer bloom were coming out,
Some yellow and some red.

I called the little pool a sea;
The little hills were big to me;
For I am very small.
I made a boat, I made a town,
I searched the caverns up and down,
And named them one and all.

And all about was mine, I said;
The little sparrows overhead,
The little minnows too.
This was the world and I was the king;

For me the bees came by to sing,
For me the swallows flew.

I played there were no deeper seas,
Nor any wider plains than these,
Nor other kings than me.
At last I heard my mother call
Out from the house at evenfall,
To call me home to tea.

And I must rise and leave my dell,
And leave my dimpled water well,
And leave my heather blooms.
Alas; and as my home I neared,
How very big my nurse appeared,
How great and cool the rooms.

— *Robert Louis Stevenson.*

ROBERT AND ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

ROBERT BROWNING may be called the Poet of Hope. He looked upon the bright side of life, and found joy and gladness where others see nothing but sadness and despair. His own words well describe him:

“One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would
triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake.”

We may be sure that such a man had an affectionate nature. He showed this when a very young boy, for even then he had an anxious tenderness and care for all living creatures. He took a poor mangled cat home to be cared for, and tended crippled birds that he found.

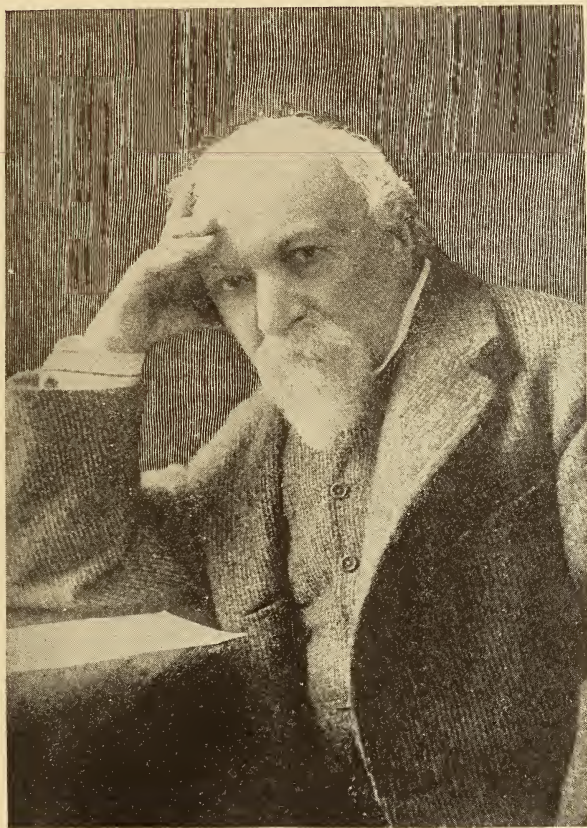
His gifted wife, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, might be called the Poet of the Children. While she lived, there were thousands of poor little children who worked long days in dark coal mines and in crowded factories.

She wrote a poem called "The Cry of the Children," of which this is one verse:

"The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
The young birds are chirping in the nest,
The young fawns are playing with the shadows,
The young flowers are blowing toward the West —
But the young, young children, Oh, my brothers,
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free."

This poem made such an impression on the people that laws were passed to protect the children from such hardship and misery.

Mrs. Browning was never very strong, and once, when she was quite ill, she received a present, from a dear friend, of a fine dog. This dog she made the subject of one of her most beautiful poems, entitled "To Flush, My Dog." On page 122 are some of the stanzas which Mrs. Browning wrote about the dog that comforted her when she was ill.



ROBERT BROWNING

TO FLUSH, MY DOG

LIKE a lady's ringlets brown,
Flow thy silken ears adown
Either side demurely
Of thy silver-suited breast,
Shining out from all the rest
Of thy body purely.

Underneath my stroking hand,
Startled eyes of hazel bland,
Kindling, growing larger,
Up thou leapest with a spring,
Full of prank and curveting,
Leaping like a charger.

Yet, my pretty, sportive friend,
Little is't to such an end
That I praise thy rareness;
Other dogs may be thy peers
Haply in these drooping ears
And this glossy fairness.

But of thee it shall be said,
This dog watched beside a bed
Day and night unwearied,
Watched within a curtained room
Where no sunbeam brake the gloom
Round the sick and dreary.

Roses, gathered for a vase
In that chamber died apace,



COMRADES

Elizabeth Strong

Beam and breeze resigning;
This dog only, waited on,
Knowing that when light is gone
Love remains for shining.

And if one or two quick tears
Dropped upon his glossy ears,
Or a smile came double,
Up he sprang in eager haste,
Fawning, fondling, breathing fast,
In a tender trouble.

And this dog was satisfied
If a pale thin hand would glide
Down his dewlaps sloping, —
Which he pushed his nose within,
After, — platforming his chin
On the palm left open.

Therefore to this dog will I
Tenderly, not scornfully,
Render praise and favor;
With my hand upon his head,
Is my benediction said
Therefore and forever.
— *Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

I WOULD not give much for that man's religion which
does not reach out to his horse or his dog.— *Rolland
Hill.*

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT was born in Massachusetts, in 1794, and died in 1878.

Like Whittier, he was a farmer's boy and his father was a strong, rugged man—a fine specimen of the New England farmer. William was weak and sickly, but no doubt he did the chores like other boys and worked as hard as his strength would allow.

He lived to be nearly eighty-four years old and accomplished a great deal, which shows that even a delicate boy may live long and accomplish much if he tries.

When a young man, Bryant prepared himself to become a lawyer, and while a law student wrote the beautiful poem, "Robert of Lincoln." But he did not like the law, so he went to New York City and became the editor of a paper. He continued this work nearly all the rest of his life.

Bryant was a lover of Nature, and wrote beautiful descriptions of scenery. He led a calm and peaceful life. He had an intense love of human freedom.

His poems, such as "The Gladness of Nature," "A Summer Ramble," "The Evening Wind," and "The Death of the Flowers," will be read with delight as long as our language is spoken.

When only nineteen years of age he wrote "Thanatopsis," which is one of the finest poems in the English language.

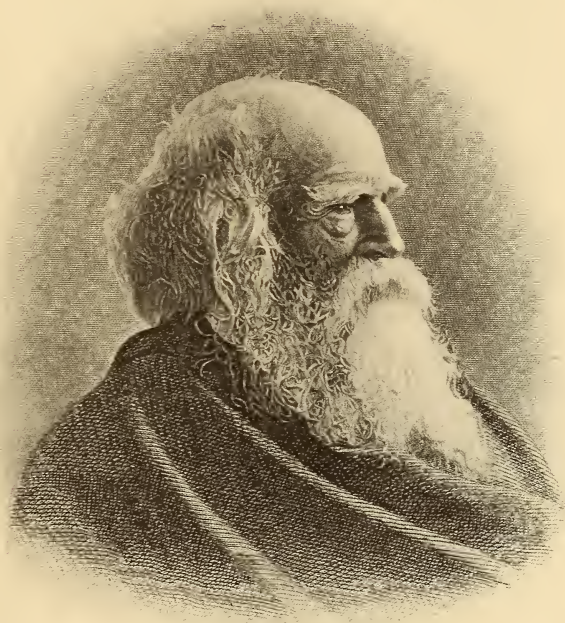
ROBERT OF LINCOLN

MERRILY swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers."

Robert of Lincoln is gaily drest,
Wearing a bright black wedding coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest;
Hear him call, in his merry note:
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Look what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine."

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings:
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here."

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
One weak chirp is her only note.
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Pouring boasts from his little throat:
 "Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man;
Catch me, cowardly knave, if you can."

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
 Flecked with purple, a pretty sight.
There as the mother sits all day,
 Robert is singing with all his might:
 "Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;
Nice good wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about."

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
 Six white mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
 Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.
 "Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me."

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
 Sober with work, and silent with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
 Half forgotten his merry air:
 "Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows but my mate and I,
Where our nest and our nestlings lie."

Summer wanes — the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows.
Robert of Lincoln's a hum-drum crone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:
 "Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln come back again."
 — *William Cullen Bryant.*

THE GRATEFUL ELEPHANT

THERE was once an elephant named Hebe that belonged to P. T. Barnum's famous menagerie. One day she stepped on a nail, which pierced the tender part of her foot, so that she was in great agony.

Mr. Barnum sent for a young horse doctor who was noted for his courage, but when the doctor saw the elephant standing on three legs and swinging the wounded foot with loud cries of pain, he felt rather timid about approaching the beast. But the elephant's keeper told him she had sense, so he got out his instruments and went up to examine the foot. While he was looking at it he felt a light touch on his head and glancing up, saw it was the elephant's trunk.

"Don't mind her," said the keeper. "She is only curling your hair."

The keeper said something to the elephant and told the doctor to cut into the foot. He did so and had to

cut deeply to reach the abscess which had formed. As he worked, a cold perspiration came out all over him, for he felt her trunk growing tighter on his hair. At length the foot was dressed and the elephant was relieved but the doctor fainted away.

A year and a half afterward the doctor, happening to be where the menagerie was, went to see the elephant. She looked at him for awhile, then she reached out her trunk and touched first his shoulders and then his hair. Finally she raised her foot, which was now well, and showed it to him, for she remembered him and expressed her gratitude in that way.

THE STORY OF THE LITTLE WHITE KITTEN

A LITTLE white kitten once lived with its black and white mother and two tiny black brothers, up in the hay-loft of a doctor's barn. They were a happy family, and the mother cat loved her little ones dearly. She took great pride in their tidy appearance, washing them several times a day. The wonder was that she did not wear her rough tongue smooth in her untiring effort to keep the children neat.

One day the mother cat went to see a neighbor, leaving her children asleep on the hay. By and by the white kitten was wakened by hearing the barn door creak on its hinges. She crawled to the edge of the mow to see what



A FASCINATING TALE

Henriette Ronner

was happening, but suddenly she lost her balance and fell head over heels on the back seat of the doctor's carriage which the stable boy was rolling out of the barn.

The little white kitten cuddled down in a frightened ball. The horse was harnessed; the doctor jumped in; and off they went down the avenue.

After a short drive the doctor stopped, tied his horse, and started up the walk leading to a big white house. The inquisitive little kitten had got over her fright and thought she would go too. So she scrambled down from the carriage, and when the door of the house was opened for the doctor, in she walked.

The doctor had come to see a little boy who was very ill. While the child's mother and the physician were talking together, the white kitten sprang upon the boy's bed. This made him open his big blue eyes wide and burst into a merry laugh. It was the first time he had laughed for many days!

The little boy held out his arms to the pretty kitten, which began at once to play with his fingers. When the others saw this, it was their turn to laugh, and it was enough to make them laugh for very joy to see what good cheer the kitten had brought. No one knew where she had come from, but both mother and doctor agreed that she was the best kind of medicine. The little boy got well very soon, and the kitten became his much-loved playmate.

Adapted from "Our Animal Friends."

TWENTY FROGGIES

TWENTY froggies went to school
 Down beside a rushy pool;
 Twenty little coats of green,
 Twenty vests all white and clean.

"We must be in time," said they.
 "First we study, then we play;
 That is how we keep the rule
 When we froggies go to school."

Master Bullfrog, brave and stern,
 Called the classes in their turn;
 Taught them how to nobly strive,
 Also how to leap and dive.

Taught them how to dodge a blow
 From the stick that bad boys throw.
 Twenty froggies grew up fast,
 Bullfrogs they became at last.

Polished in a high degree,
 As each froggie ought to be,
 Now they sit on other logs
 Teaching other little frogs.

— George Cooper.

JET AND THE BOY

LITTLE ELMER lived in the country on the top of a high hill. On one side of the house the hill sloped away to a beautiful brook where Elmer used to play for many hours at a time.

But one day when Elmer went to the brook, he heard the funniest whirring noise in the goldenrod which grew near a big maple, not far from where he built his dam. At first he thought it might be a great bear which had come there during the night. Or, perhaps, it might be one of those hostile Indians Brother George was reading about in his history lesson. So he stood very still and listened for a moment, opening his bright brown eyes just as wide as he could. But no matter how wide he opened them, he could see no trace of a bear or an Indian, so he tiptoed very softly in his bare feet down to the edge of the brook.

Even there he could not catch a glimpse of anything, so he waded through and went quietly to the spot where he had seen the goldenrod moving as though something was beneath it. Then he bent down and what do you suppose he saw? A poor, wounded crow, struggling and trying its best to get away. Some cruel boy must have thrown stones at it, for one of its wings was broken and its leg. It looked up when it saw Elmer, and tried still harder to get out of the way, and made the queerest kind of a moan, as if to say:



GREEDY CALVES—*Weber*

"Don't hurt me, little boy. Go away and leave me alone. But how I wish you might help me."

Now Elmer was just seven years old, and at first he was almost afraid to touch the crow at all, but after a moment he reached his hands down into the goldenrod and lifted the poor bird up very tenderly. Then he held it carefully against his red blouse and carried it back to the house, talking to it all the way.

Now it happened that the doctor was there to see Elmer's mamma about some grapes she had to sell, and when he saw the crow he set its wing and its leg just as carefully as though it were Elmer himself that was hurt. Then Mamma made it a bed in a box in the woodshed where nothing would disturb or frighten it. It was only a few weeks before the crow was well, and by that time it had grown so tame that it would follow Mamma all over the house.

But Elmer was the one Jet cared most for. Jet, you see, was the name Elmer had given the crow because it was so black. It would fly down and perch on his head, or if it was up in the branch of the apple tree, and saw Elmer coming, it would call out almost as plainly as you could say it, "Elmer! Elmer!" for some crows can be taught to speak so that their words can be understood quite well.

One day something happened that made every one love Jet more than ever. Mamma was lying down to rest for an hour, and Elmer was at play in the brook when he heard Jet calling in a very loud tone. "Elmer, "Elmer!"

he called, and then, stopping a moment, began all over again, "Elmer! Elmer! Elmer!" just as quickly as he could cry the words.

Jet did it in such a strange way and kept it up for so long that Elmer began to think that something must be wrong. He ran to the house as fast as his feet could carry him, and what do you think he found?

Some one had set the grass on fire by the roadside, and it had crept up until it was burning the chips which lay scattered all around the wood piled against the side of the shed built close to the back kitchen. A very few minutes more and the house would have been in a blaze.

It did not take Elmer long to rouse Mamma, you may be sure. She sent him down the road to tell Mr. Read, who lived in the next house, and while he was gone she worked alone to put out the fire, while Jet sat in the apple tree and called:

"Elmer! Elmer! Hur—hur—hur—hurry up!"

You may be sure Elmer did hurry up, and when he got back with Mr. Read, the fire was soon put out with very little damage, except to the wood-pile. Then Jet flew down upon Elmer's head and picked at his cap with his beak, which was his way of asking for a romp on the grass.

While they were rolling around, having a great time together, Elmer stroked the glossy wings of his pet and said, "You're the dearest, nicest bird I ever saw. You saved our house from going up in smoke, and I love you more than ever."

Papa was standing by and he sat down upon the grass and threw his arms around them both.

"It all comes from your not leaving a poor wounded crow to endure pain alone, my boy. Kind actions, even to a bird, bring rich rewards. Sometimes it is nothing more than keeping your own heart warm by loving everything, but that is a great deal."

— *Abbie F. Ransom.*

TO MY DOG BLANCO

MY dear dumb friend, low lying there,
A willing vassal at my feet,
Glad partner of my home and fare,
My shadow in the street;

I look into your great brown eyes,
Where love and loyal homage shine,
And wonder where the difference lies
Between your soul and mine.

For all of good that I have found
Within myself or human kind
Hath royally informed and crowned
Your gentle heart and mind.

I scan the whole broad earth around
For that one heart which, leal and true,
Bears friendship without end or bound,
And find the prize in you.



AFTER WORK,—*Holmes*

I trust you as I trust the stars;
Nor cruel loss, nor scoff, nor pride,
Nor beggary, nor dungeon bars,
Can move you from my side.

As patient under injury
As any Christian saint of old,
As gentle as a lamb with me,
But with your brothers bold;

More playful than a frolic boy,
More watchful than a sentinel,
By day and night your constant joy
To guard and please me well;

I clasp your head upon my breast —
The while you whine and lick my hand —
And thus our friendship is confessed,
And thus we understand!

Ah, Blanco! Did I worship God
As truly as you worship me,
Or follow where my master trod
With your humility,

Did I sit fondly at His feet,
As you, dear Blanco, sit at mine,
And watch Him with a love as sweet,
My life would grow divine.

— J. G. Holland.

HOW THE CHINESE TREAT ANIMALS

ALTHOUGH we know the Chinese people a little better than we did years ago, yet we are finding out more and more about them all the time. Travelers can now go to nearly all parts of the country, and are fond of telling what they have learned.

A gentleman who traveled on horseback through a part of China, tells us that the Chinese people are very kind to animals. They do not whip and lash their mules and ponies as many cruel men do when they get angry, but they are patient until even the bad-tempered mules become tame and obedient.

This traveler says that he never saw a runaway mule or pony in China. The animals will work cheerfully and keep a good pace over good and bad roads, and are ready to do all they can to please their masters. They can be turned to the right or left by a "turr" or "chuck" almost without pulling on the lines. He said that he had often seen a little boy lead a sheep through a crowded street or alley without any one thinking of doing it harm. He says the Chinese are just as kind to their cattle, pigs, and birds as they are to their ponies and sheep.

About one-fourth of all the people living in the world are Chinese — something like four hundred million of men, women, and children; and if they are all as kind to their animals as this traveler describes, they set us a fine example. We surely ought to try to do as well as they.

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND HIS DOGS

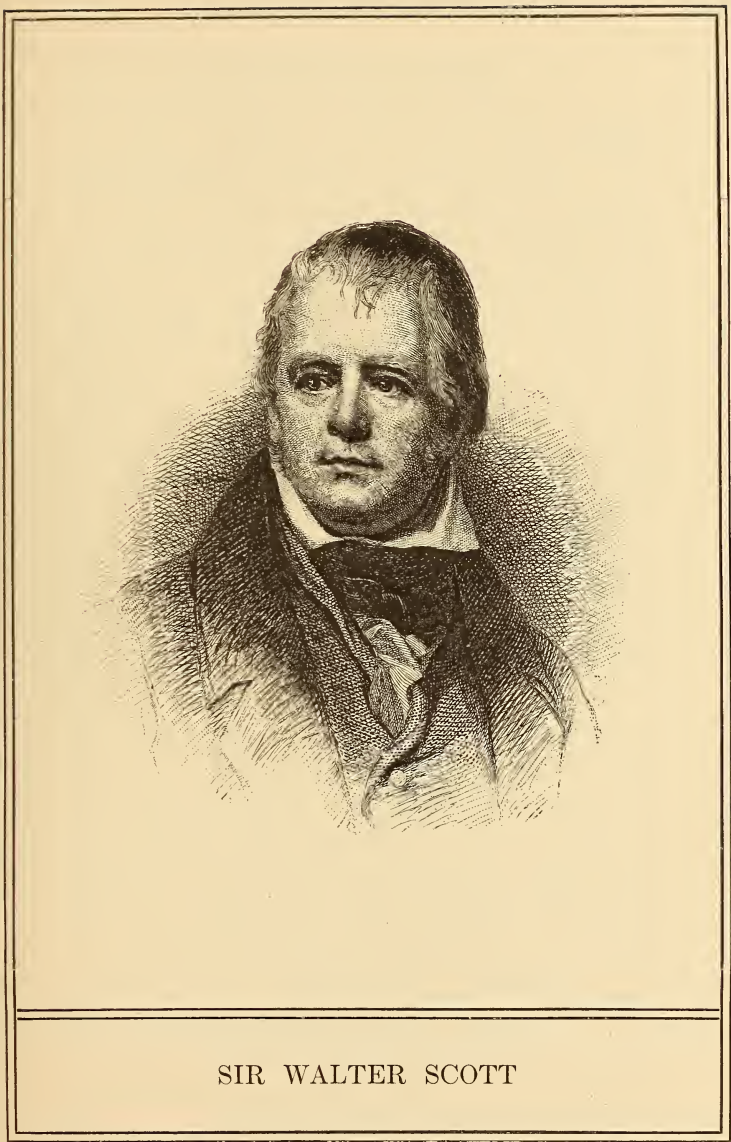
SIR WALTER SCOTT was one of the most beloved poets and story-writers of Scotland. He was called the "Wizard of the North," because he could think back hundreds of years and picture to us how the people lived and what they did in those olden times.

One day when Sir Walter was a boy, a dog came running toward him, and he picked up a stone and threw it, as boys often do, just to see if they can hit their mark. The stone broke the dog's leg; yet the poor animal crawled up and licked Scott's feet. Then Scott felt the bitterest remorse. He could never forget this incident, for he was a thoroughly tender-hearted man.

When Scott grew up and became a writer, he always kept the window of his study open so that his pets might pass to and fro as they pleased. Among his special favorites were Camp, a bull terrier, Douglas and Percy, two noble greyhounds, and Maida, a beautiful stag hound that Sir Walter especially loved, and whose monument still attracts the notice of the visitor as he enters the hall at Abbotsford, Scott's beautiful home.

During his last illness Scott loved to have his dogs lick his hands and show their affection for him.

Sow a thought and you reap a habit, sow a habit and you reap a character.



SIR WALTER SCOTT

SAVING MOTHER

THE farmer sat in his easy chair,
Between the fire and the lamplight's glare;
His face was ruddy and full and fair.
His three small boys in the chimney's nook
Conned the lines of a picture book;
His wife, the pride of his home and heart,
Baked the biscuit and made the tart,
Laid the table and steeped the tea,
Deftly, swiftly, silently;
Tired and weary and weak and faint,
She bore her trials without complaint,
Like many another household saint —
Content, all selfish bliss above,
In the patient ministry of love.
At last, between the clouds of smoke
That wreathed his lips, the husband spoke:

"There are taxes to raise, an' interest to pay —
And if there should come a rainy day,
'Twould be mighty handy, I'm bound to say,
To have sumptin' put by; for folks must die,
An' there's funeral bills and gravestones to buy —
Enough to swamp a man, purty nigh;
Besides, there's Edward and Dick and Joe
To be provided for when we go.
So 'f I were you, I'll tell you what I'd do:
I'd be savin' of wood as ever I could —
Extry fires don't do any good;
I'd be savin' of soap and savin' of ile,

And run up candles once in a while;
I'd be rather sparin' of coffee and tea,
For sugar is high
And all to buy;
And cider is good enough drink for me;
And I'd be kind o' careful 'bout my clo'es,
And look out sharp how the money goes —
Gewgaws is useless, nater knows;
Extry trimmin'
'S the bane of wimmen.
I'd sell off the best of the cheese and honey,
And eggs is as good nigh about's the money;
And as to the carpet you wanted new,
I guess we can make the old one do.
And as to the washer and sewin' machine —
Them smooth-tongued agents, so pesky mean,
You'd better get rid of 'em slick and clean.
What do they know about woman's work —
Do they kalkilate women was born to shirk?"

Dick and Edward and little Joe
Sat in the corner in a row.
They saw the patient mother go
On ceaseless errands to and fro;
They saw that her form was bent and thin,
Her temples gray, her cheeks sunk in;
They saw the quiver of lip and chin;
And then with a wrath he could not smother,
Out spoke the youngest, frailest brother:
"You talk of savin' wood and ile,
And tea and sugar, all the while;
But you never talk of savin' mother!"

THE CRIPPLE BOY AND THE HORSE

SOME years ago, in Minneapolis, in front of a large building in the heart of the city, there was a poor little crippled boy who used to stand selling papers. Every one who passed by and saw him must have felt sorry for him, for he suffered from paralysis, so that he had to stand on crutches.

One day a loaded wagon was left near where this little lame boy was selling papers. He saw that the poor horse had a raw shoulder and that the collar which pressed upon it caused the animal great pain. Some of the people who were passing stopped a moment and said, "How I pity that poor horse! It is a shame that men will be so cruel as to drive a horse with raw sores on his shoulders," and then went on and left the horse to bear the pain as best he could.

But the boy did not take that course. He began to look about to see how he could relieve the poor animal. Finding nothing better, he ripped the cloth and cushion from the top of his crutch, and then he tied it on the horse's collar with two strings, so as to protect the sore spot. Then he hobbled back to his place on his bare crutch and began to sell papers as before.

He did not know it, but he had done a princely act, for the ragged coat which he wore covered a heart full of sympathy even for the friendless, suffering beasts.



SHOEING THE HORSE

Sir Edwin Landseer

THE HORSE, THE DOG, AND THE MAN

THE horse and the dog had tamed a man and fastened him
to a fence;

Said the horse to the dog, "For the life of me, I don't see a bit
of sense

In letting him have the thumbs that grow at the sides of his
hands, do you?"

And the dog looked solemn and slowly said, "I cannot say that
I do."

The poor man groaned and tried to get loose, and sadly he
begged them, "Stay!

You will rob me of things for which I have use by cutting my
thumbs away!

You will spoil my looks, you will cause me pain! Ah, why
should you treat me so?

As I am, God made me, and He knows best! Oh, masters, pray
let me go!"

The dog laughed out and the horse replied, "Oh, the cutting
won't hurt you! You see

We'll have a hot iron to clap right on, as you did in your dock-
ing of me!

God gave you your thumbs and all, but still the Creator, you
know, may fail

To do the artistic thing, as He did in furnishing me with
a tail!"

So they bound the man, and cut off his thumbs, and were deaf
to his pitiful cries,

And they seared the stumps and they viewed their work through
happy and dazzled eyes:

"How trim he appears," the horse exclaimed, "since his awkward thumbs are gone!

For the life of me I cannot see why the Lord ever put them on!"

"Still, it seems to me," the dog replied, "that there's something else to do;

His ears look rather too long for me, and how do they look to you?"

The man cried out, "Oh, spare my ears! God fashioned them, as you see,

And if you apply your knife to them you'll surely disfigure me!"

"But you didn't disfigure me, you know," the dog decisively said,

"When you bound me fast and trimmed my ears down close to the top of my head!"

So they let him moan and they let him groan while they cropped his ears away,

And they praised his looks when they let him up, and proud indeed were they!

But that was years and years ago, in an unenlightened age!
Such things are ended now, you know; we have reached a higher stage!

The ears and thumbs God gave to man are his to keep and wear,

And the cruel horse and dog look on and never appear to care!

— S. E. Kiser.

COWPER AND HIS HARES

NO one was more fond of animals, or more kind to them, than Cowper, the poet. Of all creatures he loved hares best, perhaps because he, like them, was timid and easily frightened. He has left a very interesting account of three hares that were given to him when he was living in the country in the year 1774.

Cowper was not a strong man, and suffered terribly from fits of low spirits. At these times he could not read, and disliked the company of people. It was during one of these seasons of solitude and melancholy that he noticed a poor little hare belonging to the children of one of his neighbors, who, without meaning to be unkind, had worried the little thing almost to death. Soon they got tired even of playing with it, and the poor hare was in danger of being starved, when the father, whose heart was more tender than theirs, proposed that it should be given to their neighbor, Mr. Cowper.

Now Cowper, besides feeling pity for the poor little creature, felt that he should like to teach and train it, and as just then he was too unhappy to care for his usual occupations, he gladly accepted the present. In a very short time Puss, as he named the hare, was given two companions, Tiney and Bess.

Cowper wished his pets to learn clean habits, so he began with his own hands to build them a house. The house contained a large hall and three bedrooms, each with a separate bed. It was astonishing how soon every



WILLIAM COWPER

hare knew its own bedroom, and how careful he was never to go into those of his friends.

All three of the hares liked lettuce, dandelions, and oats; and every night little dishes were placed in their bedrooms, in case they might feel hungry. One day the master was clearing out a bird-cage and placed on the floor a pot containing some white sand, such as birds use instead of a carpet. The moment the hares saw the sand, they made a rush for it and ate it up greedily. Cowper took the hint, and always saw that sand was placed where the hares could get at it.

Once Puss was ill, and then the poet nursed him and gave him all sorts of herbs and grasses as medicine. At last Puss began to get better, and took notice of what was going on around him. When he was strong enough to take his first little walk, his pleasure knew no bounds. In token of his gratitude he licked his master's hand, first back, then front, and then between the fingers. As soon as he felt himself quite strong again, he went with the poet every day, after breakfast, into the garden, where he lay all the morning under a trailing cucumber vine, sometimes asleep, but every now and then eating a leaf or two by way of luncheon. If the poet was ever later than usual in leaving the house, Puss would get down on his knees and look into his eyes with a pleading expression, or, if these means failed, he would seize his master's coat between his teeth, and pull as hard as he could toward the window.

THE MERCIFUL SPORTSMAN

I GO a-gunning but take no gun,
 I fish without a pole;
And I bag good game and catch such fish
 As suit a sportsman's soul.
For the choicest game that the forest holds,
 And the best fish of the brook
Are never brought down by a rifle shot,
 And never are caught with a hook.

I bob for fish by the forest brook,
 I hunt for game in the trees,
For bigger birds than wing the air
 Or fish than swim the seas.
A rodless Walton of the brooks,
 A bloodless sportsman, I —
I hunt for the thoughts that throng the woods,
 The dreams that haunt the sky.

The woods were made for the hunters of dreams,
 The brooks for the fishers of song;
To the hunters who hunt for the gunless game
 The streams and the woods belong.
There are thoughts that moan from the soul of the pine,
 And thoughts in a flower-bell curled;
And the thoughts that are blown with the scent of the fern,
 Are as new and as old as the world.

So, away, for the hunt in the fern-scented wood,
 Till the going down of the sun;

There is plenty of game still left in the woods
For the hunter who has no gun.
So, away, for the fish by the moss-bordered brook
That flows through the velvety sod;
There are plenty of fish yet left in the stream
For the angler who has no rod.

— *Sam Walter Foss.*

THE TAMED BRONCHO

A KIND-HEARTED gentleman in California, a Mr. Hill, once owned a broncho which he could never saddle without first tying him, throwing him to the ground, and binding him. As my friend was a lover of animals and gentle with everything living on his ranch, I asked him why he was so severe with the broncho.

Mr. Hill replied, "It is the nature of the brute to be ugly, and we always have to rope him before we can do anything with him. It is common with bronchos."

I had no doubt he was right, but it seemed a cruel thing to keep an animal which had to be dealt with so harshly.

Some months afterward I was camping near an old log road in the mountains near Mr. Hill's ranch. One bright morning I heard a clear whistle just as I was building my fire to put on the coffee. It came from the road and there I saw a boy of about eighteen years coming along with a bridle on his arm.

The boy whistled again and then I heard a whinny in



MOTHERHOOD

Debat-Pousan

the distance. Along the road came galloping a fine gray pony with ears erect and mane and tail flying in the wind. On he came with flashing eyes, as if expecting the greatest pleasure of his life. Within a few rods of the boy he slowed down into a swinging trot, and then came to a stand where he could rub his nose against the lad's shoulder.

The pony arched his neck and pressed it against the boy with a low whinny, which could not be mistaken. It meant to say, "I love you."

It is twenty years since I saw that scene on that bright morning, but the memory of it is as fresh in my mind as if it were but yesterday. I can taste the very sweetness of the mountain air, and the tender blue mist which hung about the distant hills is plain in memory to-day, and I can see that handsome boy hugging his favorite pony and receiving in return all the affection which a loving horse knows how to give.

I knew the boy well, so asked him where he got the pony.

"Out of Hill's drove."

"You don't mean to say he's a broncho! He is too kind and gentle."

"He is a broncho."

"How did you break him? I supposed those fellows always had to be roped before they could be ridden."

"Now don't you believe a word of it. The pony is the one Mr. Hill has been riding for two years, and every time he used him he had to rope him, bind him, pound

him, and tear the ground up with him. But that was because the men who handled him did not take time to get his good-will. I have owned him three months and in all that time I haven't spoken a cross word to him — have I, Dick?"

This proved to me that even a kind-hearted man may be mistaken in regard to what is necessary for an animal.

THE REAL GOOD

"WHAT is the real good?"

I asked in musing mood.

"Order," said the law court;

"Knowledge," said the school;

"Truth," said the wise man;

"Pleasure," said the fool;

"Love," said the maiden;

"Beauty," said the page;

"Freedom," said the dreamer;

"Home," said the sage;

"Fame," said the soldier;

"Equity," the seer —

Spake my heart full sadly:

"The answer is not here."

Then, within my bosom,

Softly, this I heard:

"Each heart holds the secret —

Kindness is the word."

— *John Boyle O'Reilly.*

DOGS OF LONG AGO

THERE lived in Rome, under the Emperors Vespasian and Titus (A.D. 69-81) a man called Pliny, who gave up his life to the study of animals and plants. He not only watched their habits for himself, but he listened eagerly to all that travelers would tell him, and sometimes happened to believe too much, and wrote in his book things that were not true. Still there were a great many facts which he had found out for himself, and the stories he tells about animals are of interest to every one, partly because it seems good to think that dogs and horses and other creatures were just the same then as they are now.

The dogs that Pliny writes about lived in all parts of the Roman Empire and were as faithful and devoted to their masters as our dogs are to us. One dog, called Hyrcanus, belonging to King Lysimachus, jumped upon the funeral pyre on which lay burning the dead body of his master. And so did another dog at the burial of Hiero of Syracuse.

But during the lifetime of Pliny himself a dog's devotion in the heart of Rome touched even the Roman citizens, ashamed though they generally were of showing their feelings. It had happened that a plot against the life of the Roman Emperor, Nero, had been discovered, and the chief conspirator, Titus Sabinus, was put to death, together with some of his servants. One of these men had a dog of which he was very fond, and from the



BAYARD — A ST. BERNARD

Frank Paton

moment the man was thrown into prison the dog could not be persuaded to move away from the door.

At last there came a day when the man suffered the cruel death common in Rome for such offenses, and was thrown down a steep flight of stairs, where he broke his neck. A crowd had gathered around to see the sight, and in the midst of them all the dog managed to reach his master's side, and lay there, howling piteously.

Then one of the crowd, moved with pity, threw the dog a piece of meat, but he only took it, and laid it across his master's mouth. By and by the men came for the body in order to throw it into the river Tiber. Even then the dog followed, and swam after it, and held it up, and tried to bring it to land. The people came out in multitudes from the houses to see what it was to be faithful unto death — and beyond it.

SENATOR VEST'S SPEECH ON THE DOG

YEARS ago, in Missouri, George Vest, who afterward became senator from that state, was engaged to try a suit against a man who had shot another man's dog. Here is the closing address he made to the jury:

"Gentlemen of the Jury: The best friend a man has in this world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter, that he has reared with loving care, may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, whom we trust with our happiness and

good name, may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him, perhaps when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us, may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its clouds upon our heads. The one absolutely unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog.

"Gentlemen of the jury," the senator continued, "a man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground when the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer, he will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert, he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens.

"If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him, to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies, and when the last scene of all comes, and death takes the master in its embrace and his body is laid away in the cold

ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by his grave-side will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad, but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even in death."

— *George Vest.*

BUILDING OF THE NEST

THEY'LL come again to the apple tree,
Robin and all the rest,
When the orchard branches are fair to see
In the snow of the blossoms drest;
And the prettiest thing in the world will be
The building of the nest.

Weaving it well so round and trim,
Hollowing it with care;
Nothing too far away for him,
Nothing for her too fair; —
Hanging it safe on the topmost limb,
Their castle in the air.

So come to the trees with all your train
When the apple blossoms blow,
Through the April shimmer of sun and rain
Go flying to and fro;
And sing to our hearts as we watch again
Your fairy building grow.

— *Margaret E. Sangster.*



BUILDING THE NEST

H. P. Barnes

GEORGE STEPHENSON AND THE MOTHER-BIRD

GEORGE STEPHENSON, a Scotchman, was one of the world's most important inventors. He is sometimes spoken of as "the inventor of the railroad." To-day our country and every civilized country is covered with a network of railways. What could the world do without them? Perhaps you imagine that we must always have had railroads. It does seem so. But George Stephenson is believed to have been the first man who thought of a locomotive; at least, he was the first to make and use one.

There had indeed been a few short railroads; that is, a kind of road made with a rail track for wagons drawn by horses. Watt and others had invented engines to go by steam. But the engines that these men made were what are called "stationary engines." A "traveling engine" was quite another thing. And it was Stephenson who had the inventive wit to make that.

Perhaps you wonder that somebody didn't happen to think of this matter of the "traveling engine" and railroads sooner. Too bad the world had to wait so long for them. For it was not until 1825 that the first railroad was opened, that between Stockton and Darlington in England.

But, lest we forget it, here is the story of Mr. Stephenson and his kind and beautiful thought for a poor mother-bird that had a broken heart:



GEORGE STEPHENSON

One day Stephenson went to an upper room in his house to close a window that had been left open for a long time. Two or three days afterward, as he was walking by, he noticed a bird dashing with all its might against the closed window, as if determined to break it. Wondering what the bird wanted, he thought he would open the window and see.

At once the bird flew in and went to a corner of the room, where, as Mr. Stephenson found, it had its nest. The bird looked at the nest a moment and then fluttered down to the floor as if broken-hearted. The little ones in the nest were all dead, they had had nothing to eat for so long!

Coming to the nest and finding the mother bird and her four little ones all apparently dead, Stephenson's own heart was well-nigh broken. He picked up the mother bird, who still held in her beak the worm she had struggled so hard to get to her children! Stephenson held the bird in his strong, gentle hand, trying to revive it, but in vain. It was dead. And the great inventor mourned for it many a day.

— *Dr. Simeon Gilbert.*

BE KIND

BE kind, dear children. The world will bless
The heart that delights to relieve distress —
The hand that is ready to offer aid
To child or animal made afraid,
Be kind.

Be kind, dear children. The heart grows strong
That shuns to be partner with any wrong;
The noblest men that the earth has known
Have lived not unto themselves alone.

Be kind.

Be kind, dear children, and you shall see
Eyes look into yours so gratefully.
Though lips speak not, there is language yet,
And the heart of a brute will not forget.

Be kind.

THE BRAVE KANGAROO

IN Australia there is a strange animal called the kangaroo. It has large, powerful hind legs, but very small front legs. Instead of running, it leaps fifteen or twenty feet at a bound, and so can get over the ground very rapidly and can easily out-distance a horse or a dog.

One evening the owner of a country estate was sitting on the balcony outside of his house, when he was surprised to notice a kangaroo lingering about, first coming near to the house, and then going away, as though half in doubt and fear what to do. At length she approached the water-pails, and taking a young one suffering from thirst from her pouch, held it to the water to drink.

While her babe was satisfying its thirst the mother quivered all over with excitement, for she was only a few feet from the balcony on which the man was sitting

watching her. As soon as the little one finished drinking, it was replaced in the pouch and the mother kangaroo started off at a rapid pace.

When we think how timid the kangaroo is by nature, we realize what astonishing courage this affectionate mother showed. It is a pleasing ending to the story that the man who watched the brave mother was so affected by the scene, that from that time forward he could never shoot a kangaroo.

THE HORSE'S PRAYER

TO Thee, my Master, I offer my prayer: Feed me, water and care for me, and, when the day's work is done, provide me with shelter, a clean dry bed, and a stall wide enough for me to lie down in comfort.

Always be kind to me. Talk to me. Your voice often means as much to me as the reins. Pet me sometimes, that I may serve you the more gladly and learn to love you. Do not jerk the reins, and do not whip me when going up hill. Never strike, beat, or kick me when I do not understand what you want, but give me a chance to understand you. Watch me, and if I fail to do your bidding, see if something is not wrong with my harness or feet.

Do not check me so that I cannot have the free use of my head. If you insist that I wear blinders, so that I cannot see behind me as it was intended I should, I pray you be careful that the blinders stand well out from my eyes.



Do not overload me, or hitch me where water will drip on me. Keep me well shod. Examine my teeth when I do not eat; I may have an ulcerated tooth, and that, you know, is very painful. Do not tie my head in an unnatural position, or take away my best defense against flies and mosquitoes by cutting off my tail.

I cannot tell you when I am thirsty, so give me clean, cool water often. Save me, by all means in your power, from that fatal disease — the glanders. I cannot tell you, in words, when I am sick, so watch me, that by signs you may know my condition. Give me all possible shelter from the hot sun, and put a blanket on me, not when I am working, but when I am standing in the cold. Never put a frosty bit in my mouth; first warm it by holding it a moment in your hands.

I try to carry you and your burdens without a murmur, and wait patiently for you long hours of the day or night. Without the power to choose my shoes or path, I sometimes fall on the hard pavements which I have often prayed might not be of wood but of such a nature as to give me a safe and sure footing. Remember that I must be ready at any moment to lose my life in your service.

And finally, O my Master, when my useful strength is gone, do not turn me out to starve or freeze, or sell me to some cruel owner, to be slowly tortured and starved to death; but do Thou, my Master, take my life in the kindest way, and your God will reward you here and hereafter. You will not consider me irreverent if I ask this in the name of Him who was born in a Stable.

WADE HAMPTON AND HIS CAT

WADE HAMPTON, a prominent officer in the Confederate army during the Civil War, was noted for his daring. He afterward became governor of South Carolina, his native state.

Before his election he had an immense Maltese cat named Tom, which measured three feet from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail. Tom was his constant companion, and after Mr. Hampton became governor, was with him when he took his daily walks.

Sometimes the governor would go out on horseback. Then Tom would trot along at the horse's side, perfectly happy so long as he could keep up, or even keep his master in sight.

When Mr. Hampton was elected governor it was a serious blow to Tom, for he could not be with his master all day as before. He made the best of it, however. Each morning he escorted his master to the gate, and each afternoon he would go to the gate again a little before the time when the governor would return, and wait for him.

At one time the governor met with an accident and was brought home severely injured. His condition was so critical that strict orders were given that no one should be admitted to see him, but it was not long before Tom was allowed to enter the sick room. You may be sure the governor was glad to see him.

— *Adapted.*

LOUIS AGASSIZ

HAVE you never wondered how we know so much about animals? How do men find out so much about their ways of life and their instincts?

There are men who seem to be born for the purpose of finding out these things and then telling us what they have learned.

Louis Agassiz was one of these. When he was a little child he began to take delight in birds and beasts, fishes and insects. He felt toward them as if they were his friends.

When he was a little older he was never so happy as when tramping the fields or searching along the banks of a lake or stream to find some new creature. When he was in college he was familiar with every beast, knew the different kinds of birds from hearing their songs, even when far away, and could give the names of all the fishes. He was very fond of pets, and at one time had in his room about forty birds which made their home in a small pine tree set up in one corner.

Agassiz started in the world as a poor boy but he became one of the most learned men and greatest teachers of his time. He made known to us a great many things that we did not know before about the world we live in and about our fellow creatures.

Among many other important things that Agassiz used to teach his pupils is that they should always kill the fish they caught as soon as they were taken out of the



LOUIS AGASSIZ

water. He said we should strike the fish on the back of the head with a stick or stone, because fish that die as soon as they are caught are much better than those that die slowly, and suffer before they die. Let us remember this the next time we go fishing.

RAGGLES, THE INDIAN PONY

RAGGLES was a scrubby little Indian pony which had been cruelly turned out on the bare prairie in western Kansas to shift for himself.

He was a sorry-looking little fellow, as he stood one morning, shivering in the cold wind, before the gate of a large cattle ranch owned by a Mr. Hudson.

Mr. Hudson noticed him and started to drive him away. But his little daughter Lillian said:

“Let him in, papa; he looks so hungry.”

Then Mr. Hudson opened the gate and the pony walked in as if he were at home. Mr. Hudson made inquiries, but could find no owner, so Lillian claimed him and named him “Raggles,” because of his long tangled mane and tail. He was a good little creature and Lillian soon learned to ride him over the prairies.

Next fall a public school was started two miles away, and every day Lillian would ride Raggles to the school and then send him home. About half-past three in the afternoon Mr. Hudson would saddle him and send him for Lillian. If he got to the school too early he would wait patiently at the door till school was over.

That year there was a terrible blizzard in Kansas. Many people lost their lives and thousands of cattle were frozen to death. The storm began at noon, and it became terribly cold. The snow blew so thick and fast and the air was so filled with blinding particles that men could see only a few feet. Some were lost and frozen to death while trying to get from their barns to their houses.

Mrs. Hudson was afraid to trust Raggles to go for Lillian, but Mr. Hudson was ill and there was no one else to go. She went to the barn, put the saddle on him, and tied on plenty of warm wraps. Then she threw her arms around his shaggy neck and told him to be sure to bring Lillian home. He seemed to understand and trotted off in the direction of the schoolhouse.

An hour passed slowly while the parents waited. When two hours had gone their anxiety was terrible, but soon after the shaggy form of Raggles was seen through the blinding snow, with Lillian safely on his back, bundled up from head to foot.

The teacher had fastened her on the pony and given Raggles the rein, and with wonderful intelligence and endurance he had battled his way through the storm, and Lillian was no worse for her ride except for being chilled.

— *J. E. Stevens; adapted from "Our Dumb Animals."*

WHAT do we live for if not to make the world less difficult for each other? — *George Eliot.*

THE TWO NEIGHBORS

I. THE PET CAT

DAINTY little ball of fur, sleek, and round, and fat,
Yawning through the lazy hours, some one's household
cat,
Lying on a bed of down, decked in ribbons gay,
What a pleasant life you lead, whether night or day.

Romping through the house at will, racing down the hall,
Full of pretty, playful pranks, loved and praised by all,
Wandering from room to room to find the choicest spot,
Favored little household puss, happy is your lot.

Sleeping on my lady's lap, or dozing by the grate,
Fed with catnip tea if ill, what a lucky fate!
Loved in life and mourned in death, and stuffed maybe at that,
And kept upon the mantle shelf — dear pet cat.

II. THE TRAMP CAT

Poor little beggar cat, hollow-eyed and gaunt,
Creeping down the alley-way like a ghost of want,
Kicked and beat by thoughtless boys, bent on cruel play,
What a sorry life you lead, whether night or day.

Hunting after crusts and crumbs, gnawing meatless bones,
Trembling at a human step, fearing bricks and stones,
Shrinking at an outstretched hand, knowing only blows.
Wretched little beggar cat, born to suffer woes.



A ROW OF KITTENS.—*E. Lambert*

Stealing to an open door, craving food and heat,
Frightened off with angry cries and broomed into the street,
Tortured, teased, and chased by boys, through the lonely night,
Homeless little beggar cat, sorry is your plight.

Sleeping anywhere you can, in the rain and snow,
Waking in the cold, gray dawn, wondering where to go,
Dying in the street at last, starved to death at that;
Picked up by the scavenger — poor tramp cat!

— *Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

THE SWALLOW'S MESSAGE

FRANCIS THOMPSON was an English poet and writer, and a great lover of birds.

He had a beautiful garden, in which was a nest of swallows. One day in the early autumn he caught one of these swallows and fastened to one of its wings a small piece of oiled paper, on which were written the words, "Swallow, little swallow, I wonder where you pass the winter."

The next spring the swallow came back to its nest in the garden at the usual time. Mr. Thompson observed it closely and noticed that something was fastened to one of its legs. He caught it and found a small piece of oiled paper on which were the words, "Florence, at the house of Castellari. Cordial greetings to the friend in the north."

HENRY M. STANLEY AND THE CAT

HENRY M. STANLEY became a famous man by making a daring journey to the heart of Africa. The hardships and dangers he endured are beyond description, for he traveled through vast swamps and forests, where white men are in great danger from fevers and other diseases.

In some parts of the country lived savages, who tried to kill Stanley and his men, and, but for the leader's brave spirit, he never would have come back alive. The explorers had to travel on foot for many hundreds of miles, and all their food and supplies had to be carried on the backs of natives, whom Stanley hired. Sometimes these men would not obey, but turned against Stanley. Then he was in great danger, but his bold spirit carried him through.

Soon after Stanley had returned to his home in England, he began to write a book about his travels. He called his book "Through the Dark Continent." He had to draw for his description of Africa a good many maps and charts, which he used to spread out upon the floor.

One day a pet cat that belonged to Stanley curled up on one of these charts and went to sleep. Soon the explorer wanted to use the chart. His assistant was about to drive out poor puss, but Mr. Stanley stopped him, saying, "Don't disturb the cat; we can get on without

the chart until she wakes up. If you only knew how good the sight of that English cat, cozily curled up before a fire, is to me, you would not wish to have her move." So puss slept on.

After having lived among wild and savage tribes of men, amid sights very often brutal and shocking, the sight of that cat resting so comfortably before the hearth gave him a sense of peace, quiet, and happiness. How different was Mr. Stanley from the cruel people who, when they move from their houses, turn their cats out of doors and leave them to starve and to be chased by dogs and bad boys.

CARRIER PIGEONS

DID you ever hear of a pigeon telegraph system? That sounds rather curious, does it not, but pigeons are very swift on the wing, and long before the days of telegraphs and telephones many messages were sent great distances by trained carrier pigeons.

Away back in old Egypt, in the days of the Pharaohs, these birds were used to carry important news. Especially were they used by sea-faring men, who carried them on their ships in readiness to convey messages back to those at home. There are inscriptions on some of the old Egyptian monuments telling of messages received in this way.

In Greece and Rome, carrier pigeons were also used. They took all sorts of messages — sometimes friendly



HENRY M. STANLEY

notes and again most important State despatches. When I tell you that pigeons can travel at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and fly for several hours without rest, you can see that in the days when there were no telephones, telegraphs, or trains, the pigeons were very important helpers of man.

In olden times, towns were built in Eastern countries as stations for the carrier pigeons, and at these places large numbers of birds were kept. They flew back and forth at regular times with messages which sometimes were fastened to the leg or body of the bird, or to the under part of the wing. These messages were always written in a small hand and on very thin material which could be folded into a tiny package.

When Nansen, the great Norwegian explorer, left his home near Christiana to explore the North Pole regions, he took with him a favorite pigeon, and when hundreds of miles away let it go with a message of love to his family. One day Mrs. Nansen heard a picking sound on the window-pane, and lo! there was the favorite dove waiting to be let in. How eagerly she opened the window and took in the bird! The message told of the safety of her husband.

In times of war, carrier pigeons have been of great value in sending word from one part of the army to another or in sending messages from those inside a besieged city to friends outside. Sometimes the enemy used trained hawks to attack and injure the pigeons so that they would fall to the ground. For this reason

several pigeons were often sent out at the same time with the same message, so that one might be sure to reach its destination safely.

Sometimes, too, in order to conceal the important message, a code system was used. During the siege of Paris about forty years ago, pigeons were regularly sent between Paris and Tours. It is stated that two million despatches were carried back and forth in this way. The pigeons were carried out of Paris in balloons.

I am sure some of you are wondering how pigeons know where to go. Do you think that a pigeon can be trained as are dogs and ponies? Not at all. This is the way it is done: At first the bird is taken in a basket or box a short distance from home and freed; the next time it is taken farther; and so on, until experience and strength have been gained.

The bird's first wish when set free is to get home as soon as possible. Straight up in the air it rises to a considerable height, swift as an arrow from a bow, then, circling around, gets its bearing and starts off in a direct line for home.

Pigeons are very strong on the wing, even flying fast against a hard wind. They have great keenness of sight. They can see much farther than a person.

Whenever we think of doves or pigeons, we think of their gentleness. Their soft cooings in the dove-cote, or on the roof of the barn, are soothing and pleasant to hear. Yet with all their gentleness these birds have wonderful endurance and courage.

A HERO OF PEACE

MENTHON is a great, shaggy, tan-colored St. Bernard dog with a snow-white breast, long ears, and big brown eyes that look lovingly up into your face as he wags his long bushy tail. Menthon lives up in the mountains of Switzerland. His home is in a large stone house in the Great Saint Bernard mountain-pass.

During snow-storms travelers often lose their way in the pass, and it is the business of the monks, Menthon's masters, who live in the large stone monastery, to go out with their St. Bernard dogs and rescue these lost travelers.

One day Menthon was sent out by himself in a terrible storm. How the wind did blow! It drove the cold snow in Menthon's thick, long hair and made him shiver. He pressed on against the wind, going to the places where travelers were most often lost. His black nose was always close to the ground, smelling, smelling everywhere. Presently his keen scent told him that a man had passed that way. He plunged forward through the drifts, throwing the snow high in the air as he ran.

In a few moments he came upon the man, who was already half buried by the snow. Menthon touched him with his paw, and licked his face with his big, red tongue, but the man did not stir. Menthon knew in a moment that unless he got help the man would die. Kicking the snow right and left, the dog made a hollow around the man. Then away he went barking loudly for help.



A MEMBER OF THE BENEVOLENT SOCIETY—*Landseer*

The good monks heard the dog, and three of them quickly followed to where the man was. Lifting him on their shoulders, they carried him to the monastery. Menthon followed them, wagging his tail for joy, because he knew he had saved the life of another stranger. In a few hours the man revived, and after the snow-storm passed away, was ready to continue his journey.

Menthon was named for a nobleman, Bernard de Menthon, who, almost a thousand years ago, took pity on the travelers who had to cross the great pass, and built a rest-house up among the mountains. Some St. Augustine monks offered to go and live there and to take care of the travelers. After awhile the dogs that the monks used to help find the people lost in the snow became known as St. Bernard dogs. — *World's Chronicle*.

WHY THE QUAKER BOUGHT A HORSE

DURING one cold winter in France the pavements became very slippery from the frost, and did not afford any hold for the horses' feet. One of these animals, harnessed to a large cart heavily laden with wood, was utterly unable to advance a step while the carter, a powerful fellow, was belaboring the poor brute with his heavy whip. Breathless, and struggling violently, the poor horse was so exhausted by his continued and severe efforts, that, in spite of the cold, he was covered with sweat and foam.

Now, throwing himself into his collar with desperate exertion, he tugged so that the stones beneath his feet threw out sparks of fire; now, far from being discouraged, he backed a few paces to take breath, and again tried, but in vain, to draw his load. Twice he nearly fell. The carter raised him by the bit, leaving the mouth of the animal raw and bleeding. A third time, after a violent effort, he fell on his knees. He could not recover himself, but fell on his side, where he lay trembling, bathed in sweat, and his eyes fixed on his brutal owner.

The rage of his master then knew no bounds; and after breaking his whip over the head of the horse, that, kept down by the shafts, lay groaning on the stones, he began kicking the unfortunate animal on the nostrils.

At this moment a Quaker stopped, and pushed his way through the crowd.

"Friend," said the Quaker in a calm tone, showing the carter some money which he held in his hand, "wilt thou sell me thy horse for this gold?"

"What do ye say?" inquired the carter; "will you give me that sum for the brute?"

"All of it," said the Quaker.

"But why should you buy the horse?"

"That is nothing to thee. If thou sellest thy horse, thee must unload thy cart, unharness the horse, and assist him to rise."

"Is the gold good?"

"Take it to the nearest shop and inquire."

The carter soon returned, saying, "It is a bargain."

"Then unharness the poor horse, for he is crushed by the weight of his burden."

The bystanders lent their aid to free the horse. The poor animal was bleeding in many places; and such was his terror of the carter, that he trembled at his approach.

"But I cannot tell why you bought the old brute," said the carter.

"I can tell thee; it was to free him from thy cruelty that I bought him," replied the Quaker. — *Eugene Sue.*

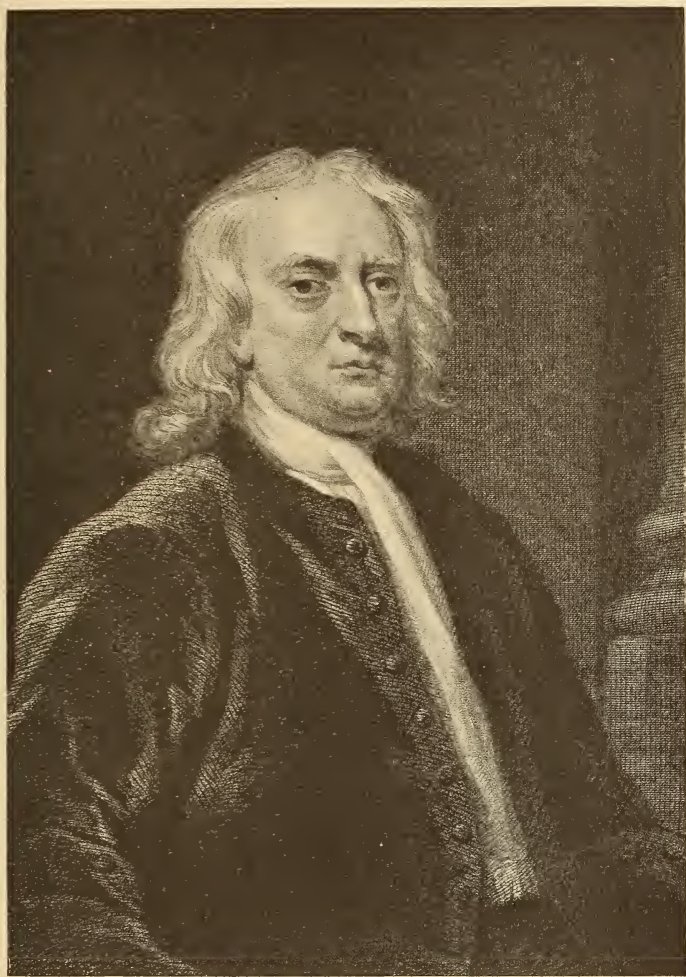
SIR ISAAC NEWTON AND DIAMOND

SIR ISAAC NEWTON was one of the most remarkable men who ever lived. He studied and discovered many secrets of nature. The poet, Alexander Pope, in his epitaph on him, wrote these lines:

"Nature and all her works lay hid in night:
God said, 'Let Newton be,' and all was light."

One day Newton saw an apple fall from a tree, and it set him to thinking what made the apple fall. From that little incident he worked out what is called the law of gravitation, by which can be explained all the movements of the heavenly bodies.

He made the first reflecting telescope and was the first to show that light is a mixture of different colored rays. It would take a long time to tell what other wonderful things he found out. Yet Newton was so modest that at the close of his life he said he felt like a child who



SIR ISAAC NEWTON

had been picking a few pebbles on the shore, leaving the great sea before him unexplored.

Newton had a little pet dog, named Diamond. One day he left Diamond in a room where he could reach some very valuable papers which had cost Sir Isaac many years of hard toil. When the scientist came back he found that the mischievous little dog had ruined the papers. It was enough to discourage any man to lose the labor of years, but Sir Isaac did not lose his self-control. "O, Diamond," he said, "you little know what you have done," and then patiently went to work again. It took him long years to rewrite the papers.

WHO OWNS THE FARM

WE bought the house and the apple trees,
And the spring where the cresses grew;
The old stone wall and the slope of grass
All studded with violets blue.

We bought and paid for them honestly,
In the usual business way;
'Twas settled, we thought, yet there are some
Who dispute our title each day.

A phœbe came to the eastern porch,
Where I loitered one sunny day,
And told me that porch was hers, not mine,
Just as plainly as bird could say,

That she didn't want me prying there
Into all her family affairs,

And asked me, by pert little gestures,
If I had no family cares.

The vireo perched high above me,
In the great branching apple tree,
And said: "I'm here, I'm here, I'm here,"
As though 'twere important to me.

And then he most saucily asked me,
"Who are you?" in such an odd way
That I felt quite like an intruder,
And I hadn't a word to say.

A pair of robins have made their home
In that very same apple tree,
And they plainly tell me every day
That they don't care a straw for me.

And a pair of chippies think the limbs
Are exactly the proper height;
They've been looking round some time, I know,
For a suitable building site.

What right have we in this place, think you,
When the crows make free with our corn,
And the brown thrush says "good-by" each night,
And the blue jays call us at morn?

The chimney belongs to the swallows,
The piazza's owned by the wren;
We'll take care to see our title's clear,
When we purchase a farm again.

— *Kate M. Post.*

SOME ITALIAN CUSTOMS

MR. W. W. STORY, the American sculptor, who lived in Rome for many years, has given a very interesting description of a custom which is observed every year before the Church of St. Antonio. According to this custom, all the horses, mules, and donkeys are taken to the church to receive a blessing from the priest. The doors are thrown wide open; the church and the altar are seen within, resplendent with candles, and the crowd pours in and out.

The priest stands at the door, and as the animals pass in procession before him they receive his blessing. All the horses in Rome come, from the common cab horse to the high-bred steed of the prince. Many are adorned with glittering trappings of scarlet and tinsel, with tufts and plumes of gay feathers nodding at their heads. The donkeys come, too, and often bray back their thanks to the priest.

This is the blessing of Saint Antonio, "All honor to thee, good saint, who blesseth in thy large charity, not man alone, but that humble race who do his work and bear his burdens, and murmur not under his tyrannical inflictions."

There is another interesting custom of which travelers who go to Venice tell us. This is the feeding of the pigeons in the Square of St. Mark. The story is that long ago carrier pigeons brought news to the Venetians at a time of siege, and in token of their gratitude to the



FEEDING THE PIGEONS

H. P. Barnes

useful birds, the rulers passed a law that all the pigeons in Venice should be fed each day in the public square. For many years this was done at the expense of the state, until a kind lady left a sum of money in her will to be used for this purpose.

It is a very beautiful sight each day, just as the old clock tower chimes the noon hour, to see the myriads of pigeons come flying from all directions to be fed. There are booths where travelers may purchase cornucopias full of corn to throw to the birds, for all like to have a part in the festive scene.

A GOOD SHOT

ONCE there was a boy who was a good marksman with a stone or a sling-shot, or a bow and arrow, or a cross-bow, or an air-gun, or anything he took aim with. So he went about all day, aiming at everything he came near. Even at his meals he would think about good shots at the clock, or the cat, or the flies on the wall, or anything else he chanced to see.

Near where he lived there lived a little bird that had a nest and five young birds. So many large mouths in small heads, always open wide for food, kept her hard at work. From dawn to dark she flew here and there, over fields, and woods, and roads, getting worms, and flies, and bugs, and seeds, and such things as she knew were good for her young birds. It was a wonder to see how much food those five small things could eat.

What she brought each day would have filled that nest full to the top, yet they ate it all and asked for more before daylight the next morning. Though it was such hard work, she was glad to do it, and went on day after day, always flying off with a gay chirp, and back with a bit of some kind of food. Though she did not eat much herself, except what stuck to her bill after she had fed her little ones, yet she never let them want, not even the smallest and weakest of them. The little fellow could not ask as loudly as the others, yet she always fed him first.

One day, when she had picked up a worm, and perched a minute on the wall before flying to her nest, the good marksman saw her, and of course aimed at her, and hit her in the side. She was much hurt and in great pain, yet she fluttered and limped, and dragged herself to the foot of the tree where her nest was, but she could not fly up to her nest, for her wing was broken. She chirped a little and the young ones heard her, and as they were hungry they chirped back loudly. She knew all their voices, even the weak note of the smallest of all; but she could not come up to them, nor even tell them why she did not come.

When she heard the call of the smallest one she tried again to rise, but only one of her wings would move, and that just turned her over on the side of the broken wing. All the rest of that day the little mother lay there, and when she chirped, her children answered, and when they chirped, she answered, only when the good marksman

chanced to pass by; then she kept quite still. But her voice grew fainter and weaker, and late in the day the young ones could not hear it any more, but she could still hear them.

Some time in the night the mother bird died, and in the morning she lay there quite cold and stiff, with her dim eyes still turned up to the nest where her young ones were dying of hunger. But they did not die so soon. All day long they slept, until their hunger waked them, and then called until they were so tired they fell asleep again.

The next night was very cold and the young birds missed their mother's warm breast, and before day-dawn they all died, one after the other, excepting the smallest, which was lowest down in the nest. In the morning he pushed up his head and opened his yellow bill to be fed; but there was no one to feed him, and so he died, too, at last, with his mouth wide open and empty.

And so the good marksman had killed six birds with one shot — the mother and her five young ones. Do you not think he must be a proud boy? Should you not like to do the same? If you know him, please read this little tale to him. He may like to hear it. — *Joseph Kirkland.*

IF all the birds were destroyed, men could not live upon the earth. — *Michelet.*

THE BUNDLE WAS I

A GENTLEMAN, who was himself the small boy of the story, related this incident:

"My father," said he, "was very fond of horses. He generally had from one to five in his stable. Among these was Fan, the family horse and pet of all.

"She was so gentle that I, a little fellow in kilts, was allowed to play around her head or heels just as I pleased.

"One day Fan was hitched up in a wagon and when everything was ready father jumped in, took the reins, and gave the word to start. Fan did not move a step, which surprised my father very much, as she had always before been very willing to go.

"My father took the whip and lightly touched her, but still she did not stir. By and by my father got out of patience and gave her a sharp stroke, when, to his wonder, he saw her lower her head and carefully take hold of a small bundle with her teeth and throw it to one side. Then she started off at a brisk trot.

"As the small bundle proved to be *I*, you can imagine that old Fan was after that petted more than ever."

— *Adapted from Our Dumb Animals.*

In the works of mercy that engage
The minds and hands of thousands, we behold
Signs of a blessed future.

— *William Cullen Bryant.*

THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH

THINK of your woods and orchards without birds!
Of empty nests that cling to boughs and beams
As in an idiot's brain remembered words
Hang empty 'mid the cobwebs of his dreams!
Will bleat of flocks or bellowing of herds
Make up for the lost music, when your teams
Drag home the stingy harvest, and no more
The feathered gleaners follow to your door?

What! would you rather see the incessant stir
Of insects in the windrows of the hay,
And hear the locust and the grasshopper
Their melancholy hurdy-gurdies play?
Is this more pleasant to you than the whirl
Of meadow lark, and her sweet roundelay,
Or twitter of little fieldfares, as you take
Your nooning in the shade of bush and brake?

You call them thieves and pillagers; but know
They are the winged wardens of your farms,
Who from the corn fields drive the insidious foe,
And from your harvests keep a hundred harms;
Even the blackest of them all, the crow,
Renders good service as your man-at-arms,
Crushing the beetle in his coat of mail
And crying havoc on the slug and snail.

— Henry W. Longfellow.



HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

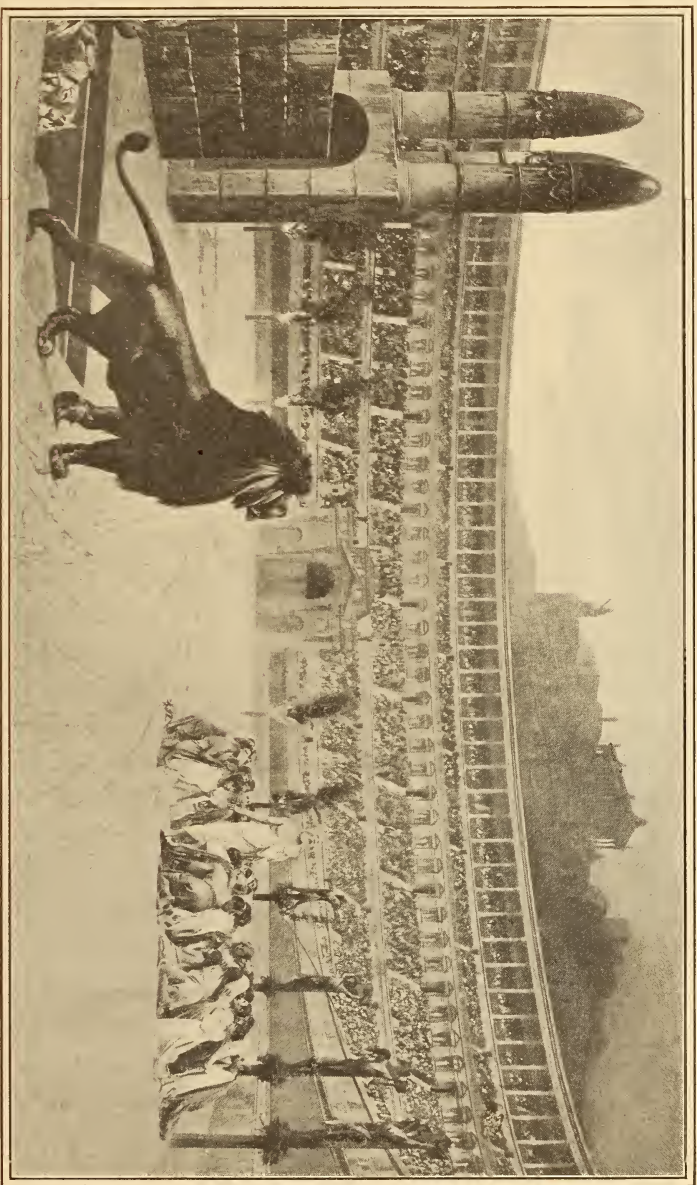
THE LION

ALTHOUGH lions are usually very fierce, sometimes they form strong attachments to their keepers, and for dogs and other animals.

A little dog was once thrown into a lion's den. The lion not only spared the dog's life, but made him his pet. One day the lion and the dog were very hungry. When food was brought for them the dog snapped at the first morsel. This made the lion angry, and in a moment of excitement he dealt the dog a blow which killed him. From that time the lion pined away, would not eat, and soon died, apparently of grief.

There is an old story of a Roman governor who treated one of his slaves, named Androclus, so cruelly that he ran away to a desert and crept into a cave. To his horror, the cave was a lion's den, and a large lion came out toward him. Androclus expected to be killed at once, but the lion came up and held out his paw as if to ask him to look at it. He looked it over and found a thorn which he pulled out. The lion was relieved of his pain and licked Androclus' hand to show his gratitude.

After a time Androclus ventured back to the place where he used to live and was taken up as a runaway slave. He was condemned to be eaten by a wild beast before a great crowd of people. A large lion had been caught and Androclus was thrown into a place where the lion was let in upon him. The lion came bounding up, and the people expected to see the slave torn to pieces.



MARTYRS IN THE COLISEUM—*Gerome*

What was their surprise to see the great creature fawn before him like a dog that had found his master!

It was the same lion Androclus had met in the desert, and the grateful animal would not hurt the man who had taken the thorn from his foot.

THE DOCTOR'S HORSE

A PROMINENT doctor in Winnipeg had for about twenty years a horse which he called his partner. One stormy night the doctor had a hurry call from the outskirts of the city. He drove full speed to the house, threw the blanket over the horse, picked up his bag, and rushed in, leaving his partner unhitched as he always did.

His patient was an old lady, who had fallen and dislocated her shoulder, and the doctor worked over her for three hours before he could go home.

When at last he went out, he found the horse with his head turned toward home. The blanket had blown off, and a cold sleet had fallen, freezing in a coating of ice. The doctor got into the carriage and drove home.

The next morning he called to see the old lady again. As he drove to the house, he noticed the tracks made by his carriage the night before. He was surprised and touched to find that during the three hours of the storm the horse many times had started for home. Once he even went half the way, but every time he had turned back, because he could not bear to leave the doctor.

LORD SHAFTESBURY

LORD SHAFTESBURY was a prominent English statesman. He was rich, talented, and powerful, but he used all his great gifts to help the weak and unfortunate.

When he was a young man there were thousands of poor little children working long days in coal mines and factories, and there were no laws to prevent it or to protect them from great cruelty. Lord Shaftesbury turned aside from a life of ease and pleasure and became the champion of these children. He went into Parliament and, through his great influence, laws were passed which removed this great evil and many others.

One day a little girl in London wanted to cross one of the streets, but it was so choked with carriages and teams that she could not cross alone without great danger of being killed.

She walked up and down looking into the faces of men, trying to find some one who would help her. Some were hard and stern, some were in great haste and she did not dare to speak to these. After a time she saw a kind-looking old gentleman and she went up to him and whispered timidly, "Please, sir, will you help me over?" The kind old gentleman did as she asked. He was Lord Shaftesbury.

Afterward, when he told the story, he said, "That little girl's trust in me is one of the greatest compliments I ever had in my life."

CHEER UP

A LITTLE bird sings, and he sings all day —
“*Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!*”

No matter to him if the skies be gray —

“*Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!*”

He flies o’er the fields of waving corn,

And over the ripening wheat;

He answers the lark in the early morn

In cadences cheery and sweet.

And only these two little words he sings —

“*Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!*”

A message to earth which he gladly brings —

“*Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!*”

He sings in a voice that is blithe and bold —

“*Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!*”

And little cares he for the storm or cold —

“*Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!*”

And when in the winter the snow comes down,

And fields are all frosty and bare,

He flies to the heart of the busy town,

And sings just as cheerily there.

He chirps from his perch on my window-sill —

“*Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!*”

This message he brings with a right good-will —

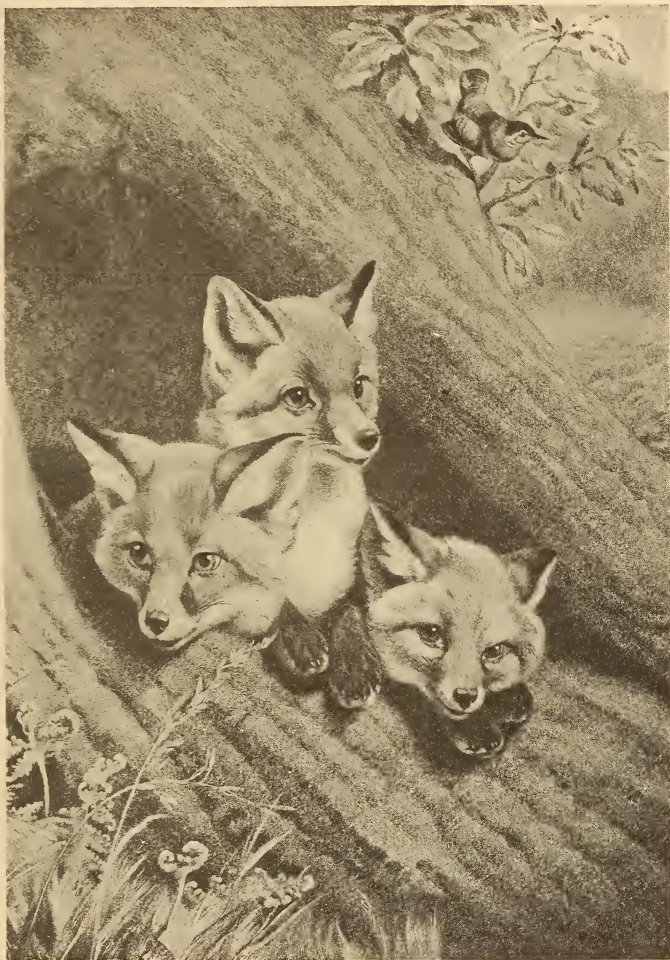
“*Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!*”

This dear little messenger can but say

“*Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!*”

As over the housetops he makes his way —

“*Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!*”



READY FOR ACTION

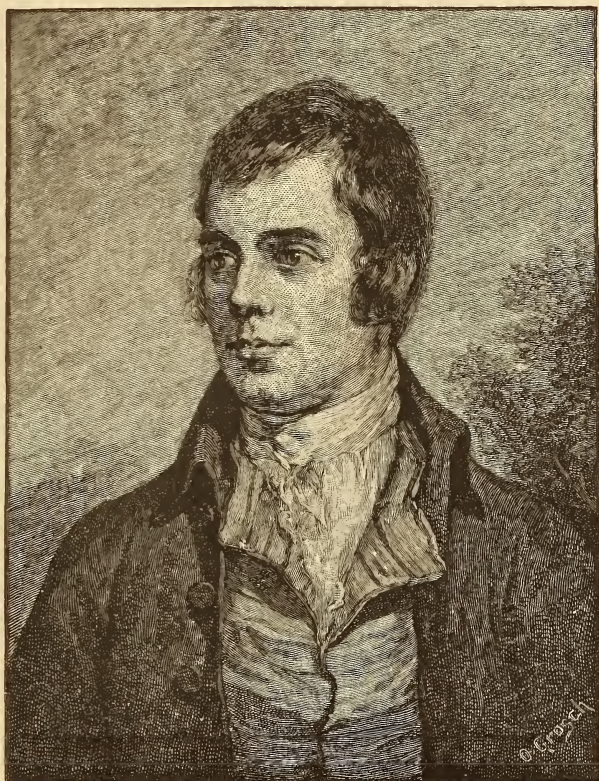
Oh, let us all learn from this little bird
A lesson we surely should heed;
For if we all uttered but one bright word
The world would be brighter indeed!
If only Earth's children would blithely say
"Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!"
How jolly a world would ours be to-day —
"Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!"
—*Eva Best in Child-Life.*

ROBERT BURNS' LOVE FOR ANIMALS

WHEREVER the English language is spoken the poems and songs of Robert Burns are read and sung. But to the Scotch people is he especially dear, for no other native of that country is so highly honored.

Burns was born in a lowly, thatched cottage, and had to work very hard on a farm all his life. But in spite of all, his genius burst forth, and he has left poems which will do people of all time good to read. The charm of Burns' poems lies in the boundless sympathy that he had for every living thing, no matter how lowly.

One day he was plowing in a meadow when he upturned the nest of a field-mouse. The soft nest was torn to pieces, and the helpless young mice were thrown out of their snug home. Then Burns' heart was very sore, and he wrote the poem, "To a Mouse, on Turning Up Her Nest with the Plow."



ROBERT BURNS

Burns wrote a beautiful poem about the death of his pet lamb, and a New Year's greeting to his old horse Maggie, showing how much he thought of his farm animals. Once he saw a wounded hare pass by, and immediately he wrote a poem expressing his indignation against the cruel sportsman who had left the hare to creep away and die in misery. Another time he heard a thrush sing on a January morning, and the bird's song awakened a melody in his own heart which he put into a beautiful poem.

WHEN OLD JACK DIED

WHEN Old Jack died we stayed from school (they said
At home we needn't go that day), and none
Of us ate any breakfast — only one,
And that was papa — and his eyes were red
When he came round where we were, by the shed,
Where Jack was lying, half-way in the sun
And half-way in the shade. When we begun
To cry out loud, pa turned and dropped his head
And went away; and mamma, she went back
Into the kitchen. Then, for a long while,
All to ourselves, like, we stood there and cried;
We thought so many good things of Old Jack,
And funny things — although we didn't smile;
We couldn't only cry when Old Jack died.

When Old Jack died, it seemed a human friend
Had suddenly gone from us: that some face

That we had loved to fondle and embrace
From babyhood, no more would condescend
To smile on us forever. We might bend
With tearful eyes above him, interlace
Our chubby fingers o'er him, romp and race,
Plead with him, call and coax — aye, we might send
The old halloo up for him, whistle, hist,
(If sobs had let us), or, as wildly vain,
Snapped thumbs, called "Speak," and he had not replied;
We might have gone down on our knees and kissed
The tousled ears, and yet they must remain
Deaf, motionless, we knew, when Old Jack died.

When Old Jack died it seemed to us, some way,
That all the other dogs in town were pained
With our bereavement, and some that were chained
Even, unslipped their collars on that day
To visit Jack in state, as though to pay
A last sad tribute there; while neighbors craned
Their heads above the high board fence, and deigned
To sigh "Poor dog!" remembering how they
Had cuffed him when alive, perchance, because
For love of them, he leaped to lick their hands —
Now that he could not, were they satisfied?
We children thought that, as we crossed his paws,
And o'er his grave, 'way down the bottom-lands,
Wrote "*Our First Love Lies Here*," when Old Jack died.
— *James Whitcomb Riley.*

DICK MARTIN, THE BRAVE IRISHMAN

ABOUT one hundred years ago there lived in England a very learned and eloquent lawyer named Lord Erskine. This lawyer, who was a member of the British Parliament, was so shocked at the terrible cruelty to animals, which he saw about him, that he decided something should be done to prevent it.

At that time there were no laws to protect dumb creatures, and most men felt that if they owned animals they could abuse and torture them in any way they pleased, and no one had any right to interfere.

As Lord Erskine was one of the most powerful members of Parliament, he thought that he would try to get a law passed to prevent cruelty to animals. He made an eloquent speech, but the other members thought that it was foolish for them to notice the sufferings of animals. They made so much sport of Lord Erskine and his speech that nothing was done, and he gave the matter up in despair.

About eleven years after, there was a member of the House of Commons from Galway, Ireland, whose name was Richard Martin. Every one called him Dick Martin.

Dick Martin was noted for two things — his love of animals, and his readiness to punish any one who insulted him. He was warm-hearted and impulsive, and, like Lord Erskine, decided that he would try to get a law passed to protect animals from cruelty. He made a speech in the House of Commons, but he had not gotten



RICHARD MARTIN

very far before he was interrupted by jeers and laughter, just as Lord Erskine had been eleven years before.

Mr. Martin stopped his speech and turning round, said that he would be very much obliged to the gentlemen who had insulted him if they would give him their names. There was silence at once, but no names were given, and Mr. Martin went on with his speech and was not disturbed any more.

The result of that speech was the first law ever passed for the prevention of cruelty to animals, and from that time the spirit of mercy has been extending over the civilized world.

All honor to the brave Irishman who so nobly began the good work.

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER

THE woman was old and ragged and gray,
And bent with the chill of the winter's day;
The street was wet with a recent snow
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.
She stood at the crossing and waited long,
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng
Of human beings who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street, with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"
Came the boys like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep;

Past the woman so old and gray
Hastened the children on their way;
Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir
Lest the carriage-wheels or the horses' feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.

At last came one of the merry troop —
The gayest laddie of all the group;
He paused beside her and whispered low:
"I'll help you across if you wish to go."
Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed; and so, without hurt or harm,
He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong.
Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's aged and poor and slow;
And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother, you understand,
If ever she's poor and old and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away."
And somebody's mother bowed low her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said
Was, "God be kind to that noble boy,
Who is somebody's pride and somebody's joy."

THE CATTLE TRAIN

NEARLY every American boy and girl has read some of the stories of Louisa M. Alcott. One reason that her books are so good is that she loved and sympathized with young people, and so was able to make the boys and girls in her stories seem real. You laugh and cry when you read about the things they did, just as you would if you were really living with them and taking part yourself.

Miss Alcott also loved animals, and never missed an opportunity to try to help them when she saw them being abused or in trouble. The following story shows how observant she was of the suffering of dumb animals. Miss Alcott was traveling on a train which stopped for a few minutes at a country station. She says:

"I amused myself by looking out of a window at a waterfall which came tumbling over the rocks, and spread into a wide pool that flowed up to the railway. Close by stood a cattle train; and the mournful sounds that came from it touched my heart.

"Full in the hot sun stood the cars; and every crevice of room between the bars across the doorways was filled with pathetic noses, sniffing eagerly at the sultry gusts that blew by, with now and then a fresher breath from the pool that lay dimpling before them. How they must have suffered, in sight of water, with the cool dash of the fall tantalizing them, and not a drop to wet their poor parched mouths!



LOUISA M. ALCOTT

"The cattle lowed dismally, and the sheep tumbled one over the other, in their frantic attempts to reach the blessed air, bleating so plaintively the while, that I was tempted to get out and see what I could do for them. But the time was nearly up; and while I hesitated two little girls appeared, and did the kind deed better than I could have done it.

"I could not hear what they said; but as they worked away so heartily, their little tanned faces grew lovely to me, in spite of their old hats, their bare feet, and their shabby gowns. One pulled off her apron, spread it on the grass, and emptying upon it the berries from her pail, ran to the pool and returned with it dripping, to hold it up to the suffering sheep, who stretched their hot tongues gratefully to meet it, and lapped the precious water with an eagerness that made little barefoot's task a hard one.

"But to and fro she ran, never tired, though the small pail was soon empty; and her friend meanwhile pulled great handfuls of clover and grass for the cows, and having no pail, filled her "picking-dish" with water to throw on the poor dusty noses appealing to her through the bars. I wish I could have told those tender-hearted children how beautiful their compassion made that hot, noisy place, and what a sweet picture I took away with me of those two little sisters of charity."

THEY DIDN'T THINK

ONCE a trap was baited
 With a piece of cheese;
It tickled so a little mouse
 It almost made him sneeze.
An old rat said, "There's danger —
 Be careful where you go!"
"Nonsense!" said the other,
 "I don't think you know."
So he walked in boldly;
 Nobody in sight,
First he took a nibble,
 Then he took a bite;
Closed the trap together,
 Snapped as quick as wink,
Catching mousey fast there,
 'Cause he didn't think.

Once a little turkey,
 Fond of her own way,
Wouldn't ask the old ones
 Where to go or stay.
She said, "I am not a baby,
 Here I am half grown;
Surely I am big enough
 To run around alone!"
Off she went; but somebody,
 Hiding, saw her pass;
Soon, like snow, her feathers
 Covered all the grass;

So she made a supper
For a sly young mink,
'Cause she was so headstrong
That she wouldn't think.

Once there was a robin
Lived outside the door,
Who wanted to go inside
And hop upon the floor.
"No, no," said the mother,
"You must stay with me;
Little birds are safest
Sitting in a tree."
"I don't care!" said robin,
And gave his tail a fling;
"I don't think the old folks
Know quite everything!"
Down he flew, and kitty seized him
Before he'd time to wink;
"Oh!" he cried, "I'm sorry,
But I didn't think!"

Now, my little children,
You who read this song,
Don't you see what trouble
Comes from thinking wrong?
Can't you take a warning
From their dreadful fate,
Who began their thinking
When it was too late?



COWS AT WATERING PLACE.—Auguste Bonheur

Don't think there's always safety,
Don't suppose you know more
Than anybody knows
Who has gone before.
But when you're warned of ruin
Beware of what's in store.

THE PIG AND THE DOG

SAILORS are very fond of having pet animals on their long voyages, for there is so little to amuse them that time passes very heavily. On a ship which sailed from India to England the sailors had two pets, one a dog named Toby and the other a pig.

You would not think that a dog and a pig would be very good friends, but strange to say, these would eat from the same plate, lie down side by side in the sun, and walk the decks together in the most friendly way.

There was just one thing which they quarreled about, and that was this: Toby had a very nice kennel, which the sailors had made for him to sleep in, but the pig had none, and he could not understand why Toby should have a house while he had to lie out of doors on the deck. So he would watch his chance and slip into the kennel while Toby was away, and when Toby came home ready to go to bed, he often found the pig already there.

One day the weather was very stormy, it blew hard, and the great waves dashing against the ship made it roll from side to side. It was also raining hard, so that

the deck was slippery. The poor pig was slipping and tumbling about in a very unpleasant way.

In the afternoon, long before bedtime, he thought that the best thing he could do would be to get safely into Toby's kennel for the night. He managed to pick his way to the kennel, but Toby had the same thought and was already in his house.

Now some people think that pigs are very stupid and do not know much, but they are mistaken. The pig did not like the idea of slipping and sliding on the deck all night, so he set his wits to work to find a way to get into the kennel. Of course the hard thing was to get Toby out, and this is the way the pig did it.

He went to the plate where their food was placed and carried it some distance from the kennel and yet in sight of the dog. He then stood with his tail turned toward the dog and began to make a noise as if eating.

Toby pricked up his ears. The pig put his head down to the plate and champed as if he were eating something good. Toby thought to himself, "If there is any dinner there, I want some of it." So he jumped out of the kennel and went to the plate.

The cunning pig, who was watching his chance, slipped back, dashed for the kennel, and got in before Toby. We don't know whether pigs laugh, but if they do, he must have had a good fit of laughter when Toby came back to his house and tried in vain to get in.

Of course this was very selfish in the pig, but pigs are pigs, and we can't expect anything else from them.

Pigs are generally considered and found to be very dirty, but that is the fault of their keepers, not of the pigs. They would be very glad to get clean straw, clean water, clean food, and a clean sty. Then they would be cleaner than some children. Nothing pleases them better than to be kindly treated.

It is a great pity that men treat these creatures so cruelly in sending them on railroad cars thousands of miles without food or water, so that many thousands of them die on the way. And it is a great pity that many of them are killed in a most cruel manner. In the great slaughter-houses of Paris, France, pigs and hogs are always stunned by a single blow on the head with a long-handled, round, wooden mallet, before they are killed, and so they die without knowing that they are to be killed, and without suffering.

DOGS AT WORK

ONE of the most distressing sights that travelers see when visiting some parts of Europe is that of wagons drawn by women and dogs. The wagons generally contain milk, fruit, or vegetables, and are often large and heavy enough to tax a small horse. Sometimes a woman is harnessed to one side of the wagon and a dog to the other side.

This practise is very common in Holland and Belgium. It is very cruel, for women most certainly are not fitted for such work, and neither is man's faithful servant, the



"CAN'T YOU SPEAK?"

dog, who often strains himself to draw the load until it seems as if he would drop from exhaustion.

There are some kinds of work, however, that dogs are well able to perform. They do their tasks cheerfully and intelligently when they are properly cared for.

In the Arctic regions, where it is very cold, dogs are the most useful. In that country there are great stretches of snow and ice for hundreds of miles, and there would be no way of traveling but for the dogs, for there are no horses or oxen.

The dogs have collars around their necks and to these are fastened ropes about twenty or thirty feet long, which are tied to a sledge. It is wonderful what loads they can draw and how fast they can travel. Several dogs are harnessed to one sledge so that they have plenty of company. Sometimes the dogs quarrel and fight and get in a bad tangle. Then the driver has to separate them and make them behave themselves.

At night the traveler sleeps in a bag made of warm fur and is quite comfortable, but the poor dogs have to be content with a supper of frozen fish, and then sleep out of doors in the snow. Very often the sharp ice makes their feet sore, and they suffer terribly. They have a hard life, for besides many hardships from the severe climate, they frequently have cruel drivers.

If you really care about making your dog happy, the way to do so is both extremely simple and perfectly well known. Feed him regularly and moderately, see that his bodily functions go as they ought to go, and

vary his diet when necessary. Above all, give him plenty of exercise, take him out with you into the fields and woods — that is what he most enjoys. Keep him under a strict and wholesome discipline, for dogs are happiest, as men are, when wisely and steadily governed. Our caresses ought to be reserved as a reward, not given continually till the dog is weary of them. In the same way, besides the regular food, we may give occasionally little morsels out of kindness, just as a friend gives us candy now and then. The dog's happiness, like our own, is best promoted by activity, by temperance, by obedience to duty, and by the sort of affection that is not out of keeping with perfect dignity, of which every noble dog has his full share.

LOST—THREE LITTLE ROBINS

O H, where is the boy, dressed in jacket of gray,
 Who climbed up a tree in the orchard to-day,
 And carried my three little birdies away?
 They hardly were dressed,
 When he took from the nest
 My three little robins, and left me bereft.

O wrens! have you seen, in your travels to-day,
 A very small boy, dressed in jacket of gray,
 Who carried my three little robins away?
 He had light-colored hair,
 And his feet were both bare
 Ah! he was cruel and mean, I declare.

O butterfly! stop just one moment, I pray;
Have you seen a boy dressed in jacket of gray,
Who carried my three little birdies away?

He had pretty blue eyes,
And was small of his size.

Ah! he must be wicked and not very wise.

O bees! with your bags of sweet nectarine, stay;
Have you seen a boy dressed in jacket of gray,
And carrying three little birdies away?

Did he go through the town,
Or go sneaking aroun'

Through hedges and by-ways, with head hanging down?

O boy with blue eyes, dressed in jacket of gray!
If you will bring back my three robins to-day,
With sweetest of music the gift I'll repay;

I'll sing all day long
My merriest song,

And I will forgive you this terrible wrong.

Bobolinks! did you see my birdies and me —
How happy we were in the old apple tree,
Until I was robbed of my young, as you see?

Oh, how can I sing,
Unless he will bring

My three robins back, to sleep under my wing?



WOUNDED LAMB

Meyer von Bremen

LAMARTINE'S LAST SHOT

LAMARTINE was one of the most distinguished poets and statesmen of France. This is how he describes his last shot:

"A harmless happy roebuck bounded joyously over the wild thyme on the edge of the wood. Now and then I could see him above the heather, pricking up his ears, butting in play, warming his dewy flanks in the rising sun, and browsing on the young shoots, in his innocent sport.

"I am a sportsman's son and spent my boyhood with my father's gamekeepers. I had never thought about the brutal instinct that leads man to find amusement in slaughter, and to destroy, without necessity, justice, pity, or right, animals who might equally claim to hunt and slay him if they were as ruthless, well armed, and savage in their pleasures as he is in his. My dog was on the alert, my gun pointed, the deer right ahead.

"I did feel a certain hesitation at cutting short such a life — *such joy and innocence in a creature that had never harmed me*, and that delighted in the same sunshine, the same dew, the same morning freshness, as I did; I thought that perhaps the deer was looking for his brother, waiting for his mother, his mate, or her little one. Yet I fired, and the roebuck fell, his shoulder broken by the shot. His blood reddening the turf on which he vainly struggled in his agony. When the smoke cleared I approached, pale and shuddering at my misdeed. The poor creature

was not dead. It looked at me, its head sunk on the grass, its eyes swimming in tears. Never shall I forget that look. It said distinctly, with a heart-rending reproach for my wanton cruelty, 'What are you? I do not know you; I never offended you. Perhaps I should have loved you. Why have you snatched from me my share of sky and breeze, of light and joy and life? What will become of my mother, my mate, my fawn, waiting for me in the brake?'

"This is literally what the eyes of the wounded deer seemed to say. I understood and reproached myself as if it had spoken with a voice. 'Put an end to me now,' it seemed to say by the grief in its eyes and the helpless shiver in its limbs. I would have given anything to undo what I had done. Alas! the most merciful close to my pitiless work was to shoot my poor victim once more, and so put it out of its misery. Then I flung the gun away, and shed tears of which I am not ashamed. My dog knew something of my feeling; he did not stir, but lay beside me, sad and abashed, as if he mourned with me and the victim of this cruel, wanton sacrifice.

"I abandoned forever the brutal pleasure of murder, the sportsman's savage despotism which, without need, right, or pity, takes away the life that he cannot restore."

I WOULD not hurt a living thing,
However weak or small;
The beasts that graze, the birds that sing,
Our Father made them all.

CANON FARRAR AT THE SEASIDE

FREDERICK WILLIAM FARRAR was a close friend of Queen Victoria and the royal family. He was known all over the world, not only as an eloquent speaker, and writer of books, but as a man who saw the best in everything. He took the part of poor and unfortunate people, and of the dumb creatures who cannot tell us of their sufferings.

From the pulpit in Westminster Abbey, Canon Farrar once appealed to his people in this way:

"Not once or twice only at the seaside have I come across a sad and disgraceful sight — a sight which haunts me still — a number of harmless sea-birds lying dead upon the sand, their white plumage red with blood, as if they had been tossed there dead, or half dead, their torture and massacre having furnished a day's amusement to heartless and senseless men.

"Can you imagine the hardness, the utter insensibility to mercy and beauty, of the man who, seeing those bright, beautiful creatures as their white wings flash in the sunshine over the blue waves, can go out in a boat with his boys to teach them to become brutes in character by murdering these fair birds of God, or cruelly wounding them and letting them fly away to wait and die in lonely places?"

So this good man spoke of the thoughtless men who take pleasure in killing the innocent creatures that God has made and placed in the world to enjoy it with us.



F. W. FARRAR

LITTLE GUSTAVA

LITTLE Gustava sits in the sun,
Safe in the porch, and the little drops run
From the icicles under the eaves so fast,
For the bright spring sun shines warm at last,
And glad is little Gustava.

She wears a quaint little scarlet cap,
And a little green bowl she holds in her lap,
Filled with bread and milk to the brim,
And a wreath of marigolds round the rim,
"Ha! ha!" laughs little Gustava.

Up comes her little gray, coaxing cat,
With her little pink nose, and she mews "What's that?"
Gustava feeds her — she begs for more;
And a little brown hen walks in at the door:
"Good day!" cries little Gustava.

She scatters crumbs for the little brown hen,
Then comes a rush and a flutter, and then
Down fly her little white doves so sweet,
With their snowy wings and their crimson feet:
"Welcome!" cries little Gustava.

So dainty and eager they pick up the crumbs,
But who is this through the doorway comes?
Little Scotch terrier, little dog Rags,
Looks in her face, and his funny tail wags:
"Ha! ha!" laughs little Gustava.

"You want some breakfast, too?" and down
She sets her bowl on the brick floor brown,
And little dog Rags drinks up her milk,
While she strokes his shaggy locks like silk,
 "Dear Rags!" says little Gustava.

Waiting without stand sparrow and crow,
Cooling their feet in the melting snow:
"Won't you come in, good folks?" she said,
But they were too bashful, and stayed outside,
 Though "Pray come in!" cried Gustava.

So the last she threw them, and knelt on the mat,
With doves and biddy, and dog and cat,
And her mother came to the open house door:
"Dear little daughter, I bring you some more,
 My merry little Gustava!"

Kitty and terrier, biddy, and doves,
All things harmless Gustava loves,
The shy, kind creatures 'tis joy to feed,
And, oh! her breakfast is sweet indeed
 To happy little Gustava.

— *Celia Thaxter.*

EVERY kind word you say to a dumb animal or bird
will make you happier.

HOW ANIMALS MAKE THEIR TOILETS

DID you ever see a cat wash her face with her paws and then clean herself and smooth down her fur with her tongue, which is rough and almost as good as a clothes' brush? Lions and tigers wash themselves in exactly the same manner as the cat, wetting the dark India-rubber-like ball of the forefoot and the inner toe, and passing it over the face and behind the ears.

When dogs, foxes, and wolves think it the proper time to clean up, they scratch themselves with their front and back paws, and seem to feel as much refreshed as if they had taken a bath.

Men who have traveled in the Arctic regions, tell us that seals spend a great deal of time in making their toilets. Water rats also are very clean animals, and wash and brush their faces with the greatest care.

The elephant has such a thick and hard skin that it looks as if it would never need washing, but the elephant does not think so, for he takes a bath as often as possible. The way he takes it is to fill his mouth with water and then spurt it all over himself with his long trunk.

In certain parts of Egypt there are a great many crocodiles; these animals live very largely on fish. They have long, pointed teeth, and very often pieces of fish or other food get between them. The crocodile cannot use a toothpick, so he opens his mouth wide, and a bird called the plover flies in and picks out the pieces of food, thus getting his dinner.

Mice have long whiskers, which they comb out very carefully with their hind legs.

The cow has a rough tongue, almost as good as a brush. She takes a great deal of pains to keep herself clean, if she is out in the field where she can do as she pleases.

A FABLE

ONCE upon a time there was a man who lived alone upon a plantation where he might have raised good crops if it had not been for the myriads of insects which destroyed his fruit and grain. One day, when he was looking in despair at his ruined fields, a bird and a toad said to him :

“Let us come and bring our friends to live with you and we will save your harvest.”

So the man said, “Come.”

For a long time all went well. More birds came and sang in the tree-tops. Tiny toads hopped about the fields in the refreshing summer showers. But the man forgot how his friends had saved him, and he grew careless of their comfort. He allowed gunners to shoot the birds for their beautiful feathers, and the toads could find no place where it was safe for them to stay. Then the birds and toads said, “We will go away and leave you because you have been unkind to us. Others may come to take our places. If you drive them away as you have driven us away, you will die. Listen, before it is too late.”

But the man laughed to think that his life could depend upon such insignificant creatures, and he paid no heed to their words. The years went on and the fields lay bare and desolate under the summer sun. In the deserted cabin was no sound or sign of life. Everywhere were ruin and decay. But not far away were homes of comfort and peace. In the teeming orchards were singing birds that built low in the sheltering branches. In the fields the sound of scythe and rake brought no terror to the toads, safely housed under boards and stones. A starving man came one day to the village to beg for bread.

"Why is it that you are so poor?" asked the village-folk.

"Because I drove my friends away and would not listen to them," said the beggar. "Now I have come to begin my life again with them and with you."

THERE'S no dearth of kindness

In this world of ours;

Only in our blindness

We gather thorns for flowers!

Onward we are spurning,

Trampling one another!

While we are only yearning

At the name of "Brother."

— *Gerald Massey.*



HER ONLY PLAYMATES

Heywood Hardy

WHAT ARE BANDS OF MERCY?

BANDS OF MERCY are societies of children who promise to be kind to animals and to each other. These societies were first formed only twenty-five years ago, and yet they have spread all over the country and have a large membership.

They are organized in Sunday schools of all religious beliefs, and in a great many public schools, not only in this country, but in many others. In England the Royal Society was founded under the patronage of Queen Victoria. Its first president was one of the Queen's trusted friends and counselors.

In Germany one society numbers among its members twenty-three generals and over two hundred lesser officers in the German army. There are said to be over sixty-eight thousand Bands of Mercy in the United States and British America, with a membership of over two million boys and girls.

These societies are formed because it is easier to teach people when they are young to be kind to animals and to one another than it is after they grow up and their habits become fixed. Very often a few words of appeal, or a little story, will move with pity the heart of a child, and make him more kind and thoughtful all his life.

It is easy to form a Band of Mercy. The children sign this pledge:

"I will try to be kind to all living creatures, and to protect them from cruel usage."

Then they elect a president and secretary and hold meetings, which are made interesting by readings, recitations, and songs.

About sixty years ago in a little country schoolhouse, nestled among the bleak hills of New Hampshire, there was a young lady teacher who had a large and tender heart. There were no Bands of Mercy then called by that name, but this teacher really had one in her school for she taught her pupils that God expected them to be kind to all his creatures.

There was one little boy in her school who never forgot her words. When he grew to be a young man, he decided to go west to seek his fortune. He settled in Chicago. He was honest, hard-working, and faithful to his employers, and in time went into business for himself.

When this boy became wealthy, he did not forget the words of his teacher but became one of the organizers of a society to prevent cruelty. He was elected state senator and helped to pass laws for the punishment of men who are cruel to animals. He gave his time and money to help the work as long as he lived.

It all began with the words of the teacher who taught this boy when to be kind. Now there is a great army of boys and girls growing up who are ever ready to protect the weak and helpless, whether man or beast. This is what the Bands of Mercy do.

THINGS TO REMEMBER

NEVER to stick pins into butterflies or other insects.
Never to carry poultry with their heads hanging downward.

That we should protect the cats and dogs from ill treatment and give them food and water and a warm place to sleep.

Never to fish or hunt just for sport or use steel or other cruel traps.

When you see any creature abused, you should earnestly but kindly protest against such abuse.

Never to throw stones at those harmless creatures, the frogs.

That nearly all snakes are harmless and useful.

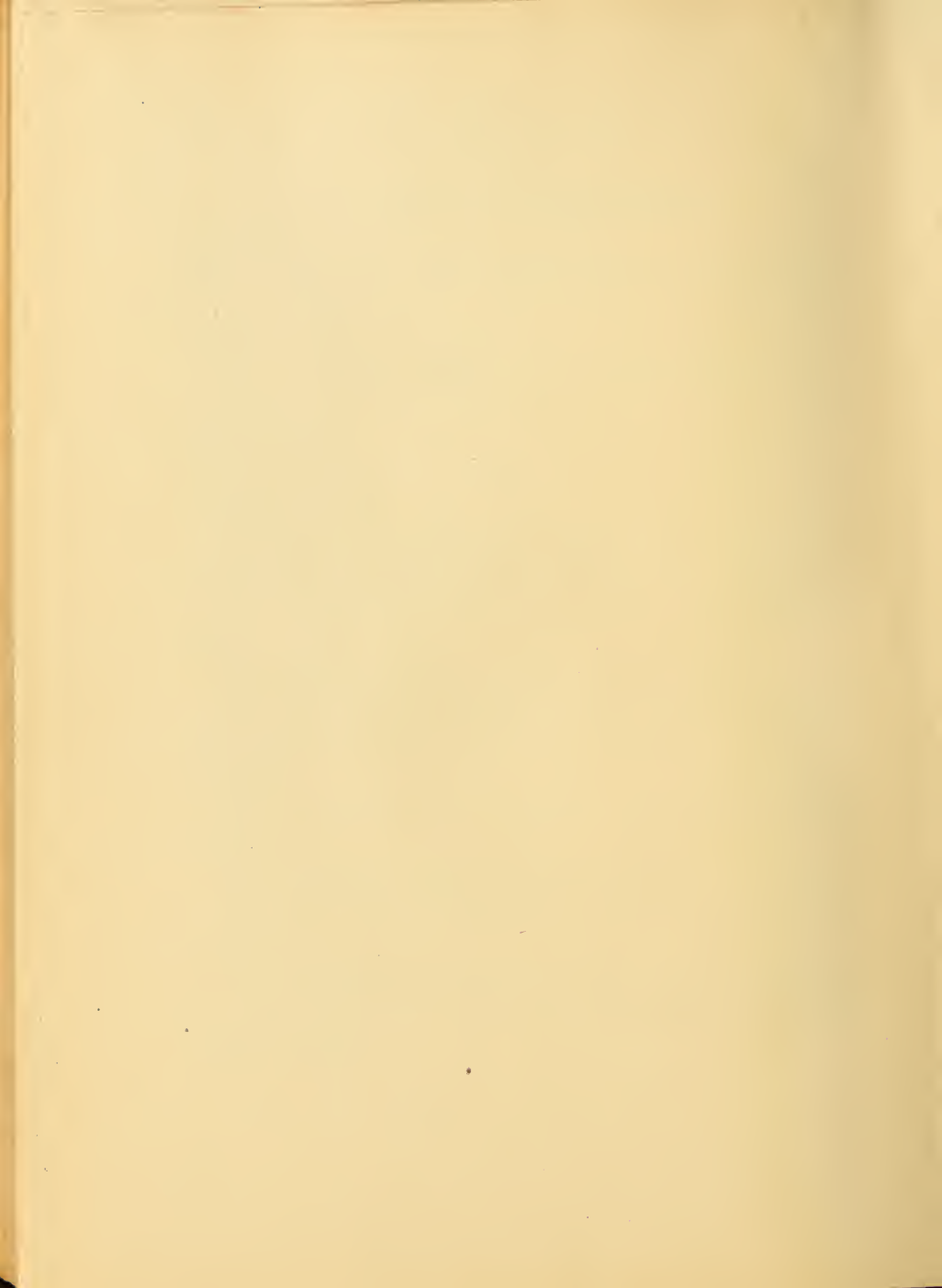
That earthworms are harmless and useful, and that when you use them in fishing they ought to be killed instantly.

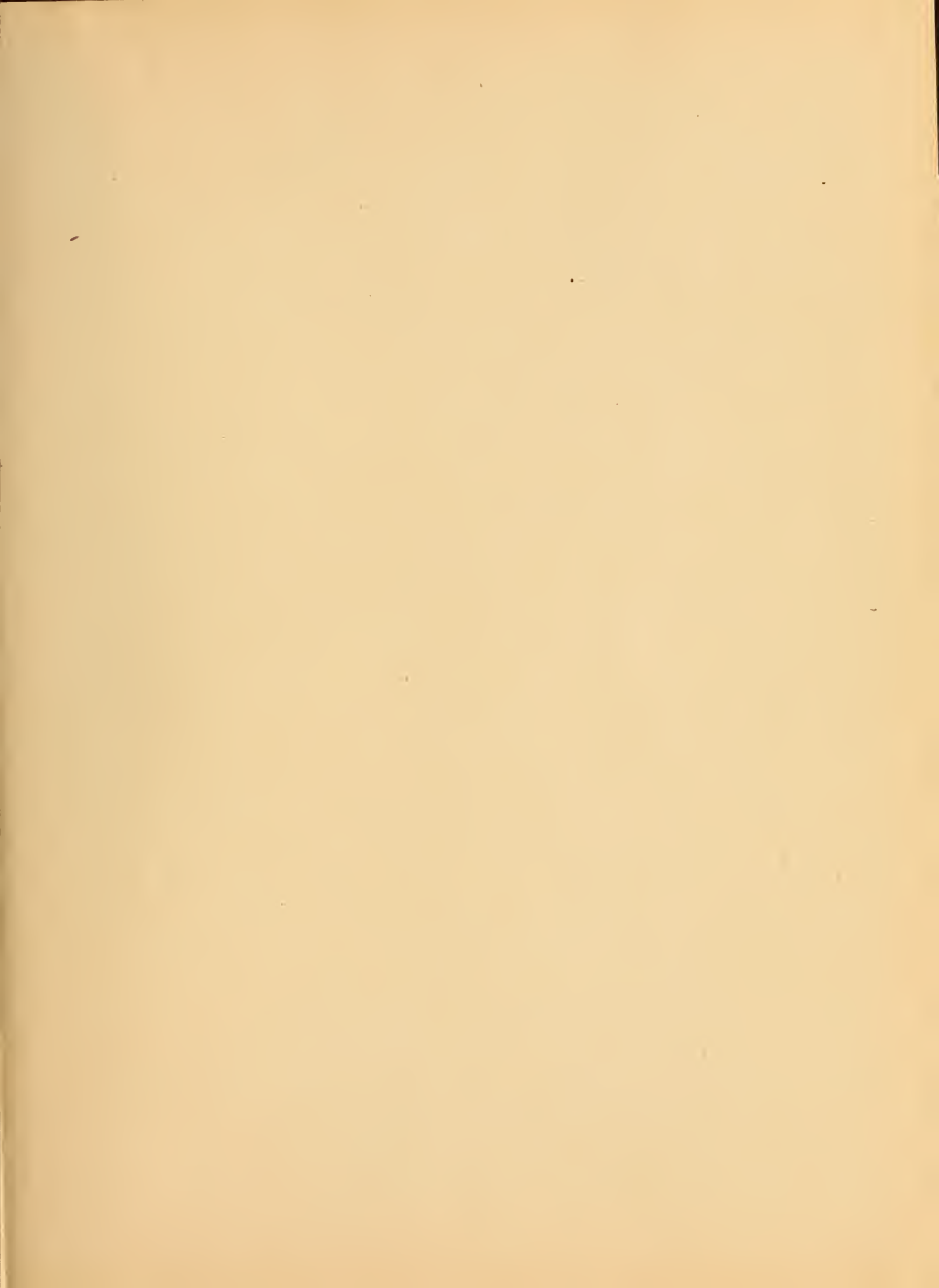
That it is very cruel to keep fish in glass globes slowly dying.

That it is kind to feed the birds in winter.

That you should always talk kindly to every dumb creature.

That you should always treat every dumb creature as you would like to be treated yourself if you were in the creature's place.





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